

CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C. DIGEST

V 2 #1, Spring 1946

J. T. Bickham Spring



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PEACE RIVER BRIDGE (See page 2)

Photo by Shubert Brothers

IN THIS ISSUE:

- ★ THE PEACE RIVER
- ★ SAGA OF THE 'ENTERPRISE'
- ★ DWELLER OF THE BURROWS

Volume 2- No. 1



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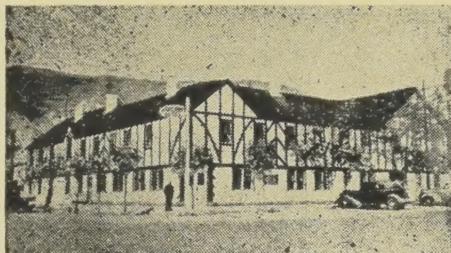
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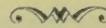


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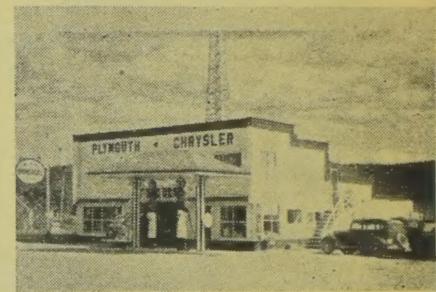
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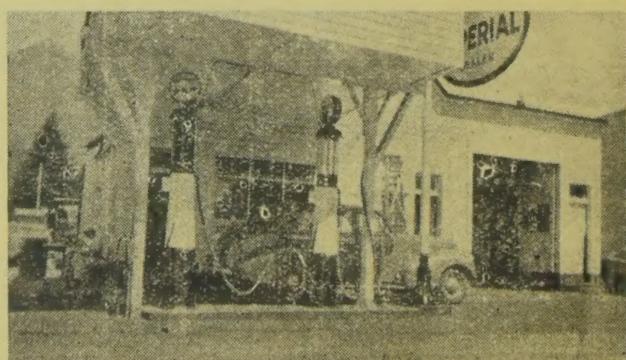
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WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Over The Desk . . .

Quesnel, B.C., Feb. 11, 1946.

The Editor,
Cariboo Digest.

Dear Sir:

Please allow me space in which to comment, from a settler's viewpoint, on those parts of the recent article, "Go North, Young Man," which deal with agricultural matters.

In the first place, I believe we might well add to the attributes of the hypothetical young man who is to come North a very prosaic one, namely, the possession of a sufficient amount of capital to keep himself until he has enough land cleared to make him a living—and even with little time off for dreaming, he will not accomplish this in a short time. It is perhaps irrelevant, but interesting, to note that the career of the illustrious Horace Greeley did not include the experience of preparing a quarter section of pine land for cultivation.

Not only is the new land, in the main, heavy clearing but, what is even more significant, it must all be cleared—that is, the new settler has not, as in some areas, a portion of open land which he can utilize while clearing the rest. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that all the abandoned farms with small clearings which can be seen in the Prince George area alone, tell the story of lack of industry, patience, or ingenuity. No, one cannot eat admirable qualities (or spruce cones) until a crop can be grown. We have heard of not a few cases where the new settler, in order to secure a little cash to carry on, would part with first one and then another animal or piece of equipment, thinking to replace it later. The end of such a course is obvious. In some cases the settler may work, at times, at a nearby mill, but all farms are not located so as to make this practicable; and, in any case, while doing this, he obviously is not getting his land cleared.

The article leaves the impression that the land, once cleared, is of remarkable fertility; while the fact is that, on the average, it does not compare at all favorably for natural fertility with that of the prairies. Fine gardens and crops can be and

continued next page

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The Cover -

THE PEACE RIVER BRIDGE

The bridging of the Peace River near Fort St. John, B.C., was completed in seven months from the date that the contract for the job was signed. The steel suspension bridge is 2,275 feet long, cost \$1,750,000.00, and was constructed by John A. Roebling Sons Company, of Trenton, New Jersey, builders of the famous Niagara and Brooklyn bridges.

Construction commenced in December of 1942, when Mr. Harold W. Hills, Roebling Sons resident engineer, arrived at Fort St. John. The construction of such a bridge would be considered a gigantic task in a well-populated area where men, tools, and the means of transportation are at hand. However, considering the wilderness and the bleakness of the Peace River in winter, the great distances from which material had to come and the immensity of Mr. Hills' undertaking becomes breathtaking.

During the construction of the Peace River bridge nature threw practically everything that she had in the way of discouragement at the builders. Tragedy, humour, engineering genius and the art of skilled craftsmen were all brought into play to offset nature, and on August the second, 1943, the Peace River bridge was open to receive military traffic. With the defeat of the Japanese, the Alaska Highway and the Peace River bridge will become a common sight to tourists. May they long remember the intestinal fortitude, the brains, and the ingenuity that made the bridging of the Peace possible.

F.W.L.

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Over The Desk ...

are grown—but in many sections the soil must be fertilized, and fertilized heavily, to produce. This means buying commercial fertilizers, which in themselves will not add to the friability of the soil, or having numbers of livestock—in which case there must be enough land cleared to feed them. No, it is not the ideal country for one without capital to start farming. Whether new government land clearing plans will solve this problem remains to be seen.

One other point: My occupation brought me into close contact with rural homes before, during and since the depression, in widely separated areas of Western Canada, and, if may be qualified to judge, I believe it grossly unfair to place "a stubborn clinging to the past" as "not the least" of the causes of unsuccessful farming—and the quality of northern acres would need to be much higher than it is to be accurately described as blameless in that regard.

Let me say here that I write this with no idea of "knocking" the country. Our first year here did bring us experience of which I intend to write when I have acquired some of the literary powers of a John Steinbeck—but these, largely due to misrepresentation of one farm and not of the Cariboo in general, have in no way prejudiced us against a country where we intend to make our home. But any locality, however favored, has its disadvantages. To claim that these can be in time overcome is one thing. To imply their non-existence is quite another. By doing the latter, we are likely to defeat our own purposes in two ways—we may help to attract settlers ill-prepared and ill-equipped to cope with these conditions; and we may cause the more conservative to be skeptical of our legitimate claims.

Let our young man come North, certainly; but let him come informed of the facts.

MRS. JOHN A. BAILEY.

The philanthropist has donated a swimming pool to the Insane Asylum.

"How do they like it?" he asked the director.

"Fine, fine," said that worthy, "and they'll like it even more when we put water in it."

CARIBOO

and Northern B.C. DIGEST

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EDITORIAL

DR. FRASER BUCKHAM

PAGE 3

COLLECTION

That the Cariboo is a sportsman's idea heaven nobody will deny. We have through the pages of the Cariboo and Northern British Columbia Digest done our share to bring the wonders of Cariboo and the north before the eyes of the reading public. It may be that, knowing as we do many of the fishing holes and some of the game country, we have at times outdone ourselves in painting a wonderful picture of Cariboo, for we have, in our exuberance, failed to point out some of the disadvantages of this most wonderful of countries.

We have often stated that there were opportunities without number in Cariboo. There are! Make no mistake about that—the opportunities are here for business men, farmers, trappers, labourers, and professional men. But, alack and alas, where are these potential citizens going to stay when they arrive here?

Last summer there was more business throughout Cariboo than there were facilities to handle it. No one has ever left this country without singing the praises of the scenery, the fishing, the hunting, and everything else about Cariboo. Likewise very few people have ever left this country—tourists, that is—without reviling, in no uncertain terms, the accommodations that they didn't get.

These people feel that the country has been misrepresented. They leave our midst angry, disillusioned and in many cases determined to tell their friends, and their friend's friends, about it! And since a story never loses in the telling, it probably goes like this:

"Yeah, we were up north last summer. Wonderful country. Great fishing; lots of game around, too. But do you know what?"

"No, what?" (This with an expression of amazement.)

"We couldn't get a room in any of the towns and had to sleep outside in the car. Little Johnny caught cold, Mamie got muscular rheumatism, and my sinus trouble raised proper heck with me."

After receiving a reasonably sympathetic reply to the above statement, our mythical tourist probably goes to town and regales the boys at his pet club with stories about the antique privies and other inconveniences with which he had to put up with in the north! Occasionally, of course, he may mention the fishing, the scenery, and the pretty girls; but human nature is such, that his troubles will far outweigh the various pleasurable instances which the trip might have afforded him.

And hunting! Last fall the hunters flocked into the small Cariboo towns. Their idea of a good hunt, in many cases, consists of exactly that. They do not mind living under canvas and putting up with all of the inconveniences their forefathers put up with when they traversed the Oregon Trail.

However, many of these hunters come to Cariboo behind the wheels of expensive cars. The idea of parking these chromium-plated chariots outside in the rain or the frost makes them angry. They also come equipped with enough high-grade equipment to set the average Cariboo citizen up in business. They do not like leaving this equipment hanging from the ridge-pole of a tent or lying on the ground while they follow their guides through the wilderness in search of a trophy.

Now the point of the whole thing is this, whereas the first mentioned class of hunter will, upon his return home, rave about the wonderful time he had, and make the mouths of his friends literally water; the second type will, in all probability, send a letter to Congress and expect immediate diplomatic repercussions to take place.

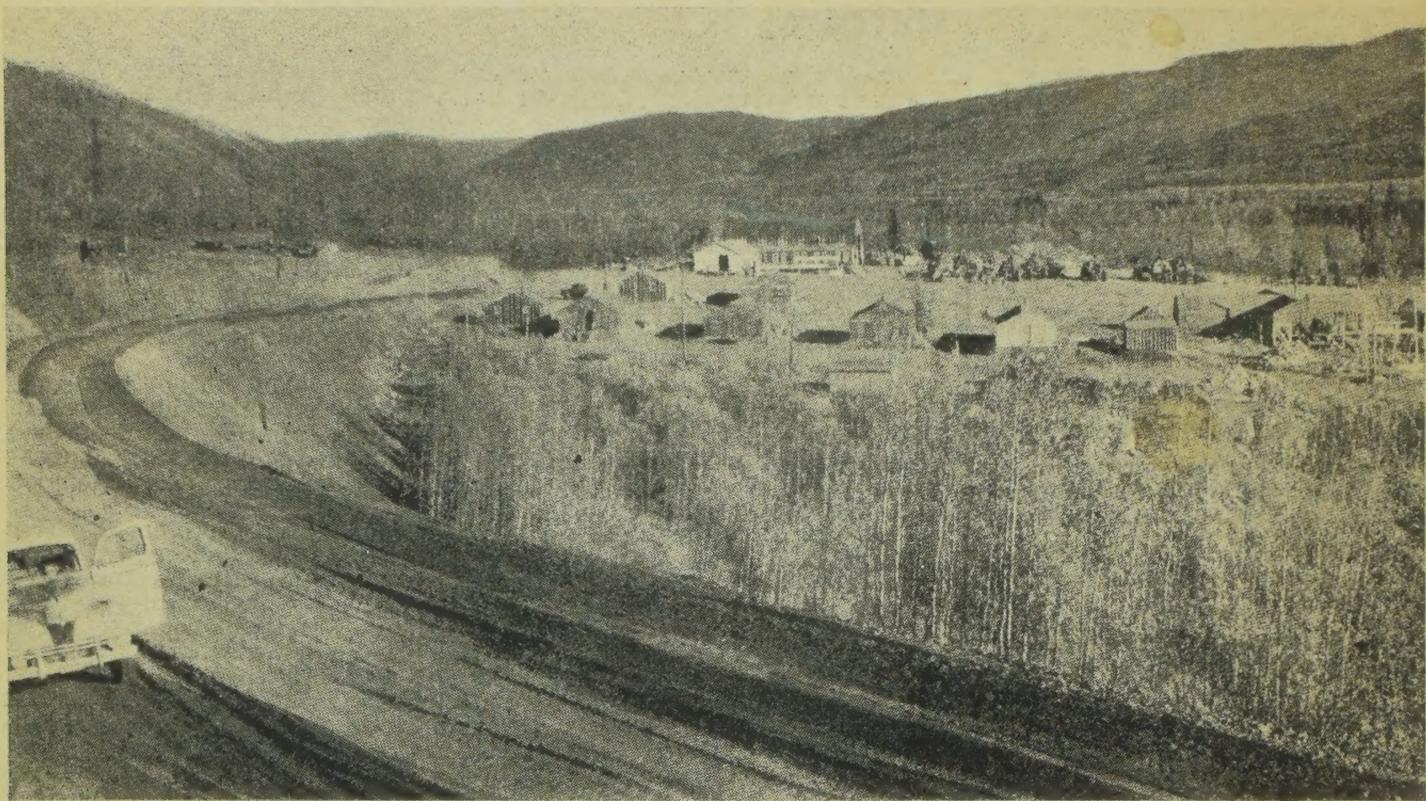
It is hardly within the realms of possibility that anyone will ever make over-statements regarding the scenic beauties of the north or the opportunities that are in the country. But it is definitely within the realms of probability that someone with just an ounce more foresightedness than is now apparent amongst us, will erect modern lodges to cater to the tourist trade, and those who have awaited the arrival of much money in the north will know it has arrived, but will not feel any of it lining their pockets.

We need roads and accommodations. Publicity campaigns are good and valuable, for we have the goods to sell. We have timber and cattle land, waterpower and minerals, scenery and game and fish. But unless we have the attributive amenities of life, we might just as well have nothing.

Let us, therefore, try to get our showroom in order before we invite too many customers in to view our goods!

F.W.L.

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A view of the construction work on the north end of the highway.

The Highway to the 'PEACE'

In many ways the last war gave added impetus to the development of British Columbia's northern outposts and the wilderness which has, since the beginning of recorded history, been the stamping ground of trappers and Indians is at long last being opened for the good of the people. One of the needs of the north has been a connecting link between the Pacific Coast and the Peace River Block, and under the able partnership of two firms, Fred Mannix & Company Ltd. of Calgary and Campbell Construction Company of Toronto, this long and rugged roadbuilding job is being carried out and is expected to be completed in 1947.

The new road curves northeast from Prince George and will join the Alaska Highway at Dawson Creek. Two passable sections existed at each end of this stretch when the contract was let on June 29, 1945; but a 151-mile centre

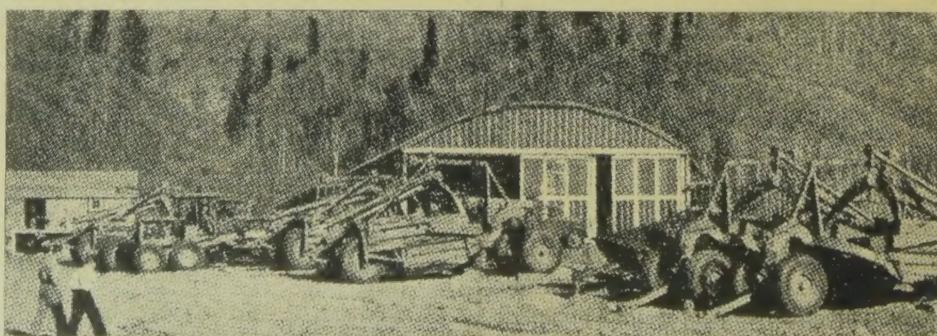
stretch still remained to be constructed.

This 151-mile stretch runs through country that is typical of northern British Columbia. Wealthy, yet terribly isolated, it is a land of timbered mountains, flats, and swamps. Heavy clearing is required and grubbing through virgin territory. It is estimated that the road will require 4,424,400 cubic yards of

earth and rock to be excavated, and the cost of the road will be \$3,132,495.00. These figures are based on estimates of Public Works Department engineers.

J. J. Lynch, a Mannix superintendent of long experience, is project manager, and under his supervision vast amounts of equipment have been brought into use. Every

continued on page 68



One of the many machinery depots. Modern machinery in the hands of expert operators directed by engineers who built several of Western Canada's wartime defence projects promises to make short work of a long awaited project.

The Shooting of RED SQUIRREL

by Eric Collier

President, B.C. Registered Trappers
Association.

Last spring, at the annual meeting of the B.C. Registered Trappers Association in Williams Lake, and also at the annual convention of the Association in Kamloops, the following resolution was placed before the members and delegates present: **"That the shooting of red squirrel shall be prohibited and that any person or persons, whether trapper or fur dealer, found with squirrel pelts in his possession which bear evidence of having been shot shall be prosecuted."** At both places this resolution was carried, almost unanimously, and I believe that at the time of this writing the Honourable the Attorney General of British Columbia, Mr. Maitland, is endeavouring to get this measure passed by the House. Whether he succeeds remains to be seen.

During the past few months this Association has come in for some small amount of criticism from one or two of its members on its attitude to this rather important measure of conservation and I would like to take the opportunity, in this short article, to state concrete reasons as to why this Association pressed for measures prohibiting the shooting of red squirrel.

For the past three or four years there has been provincial-wide agitation for prohibiting the taking of red squirrel, either by means of the **.22 or the steel trap.** I would ask all members of this Association to weigh the purport of those last four words with extreme care. Two years ago I was invited to attend the annual convention of the Interior Game Associations at Vernon, B.C., in order that the viewpoints of the registered trapper on game management as a whole might be better safeguarded where any de-

cisions by the Interior Association might be concerned. At that convention at least two delegates of the Interior Sportsmen had resolutions for presentation which would, if put into effect, remove the red squirrel from the fur market altogether. Upon behalf of the registered trappers, I contested these resolutions and they were withdrawn. I would like here to underline the fact that the gentlemen with these resolutions for presentation were acting with the best of intentions—they were endeavoring to save the red squirrel from almost certain destruction with which it seemed faced. In the spring of 1945 I was invited to again attend the convention of the Interior Game Associations, which was being held at Penticton, but unfortunately pressure of work in the woods prohibited my so doing. But I believe I am right in stating that once again was this situation brought forcibly to the attention of the Attorney General and I believe I am right in stating that upon this River-Lillooet News dated Febru- occasion Commissioner Cunningham took up the cudgels upon behalf of the registered trapper and suggested this subject of the preservation of the red squirrel might best be left to the Registered Trappers Association itself.

I have before me as I write several copies of letters submitted by game clubs and other institutions to Commissioner Butler—all such material vigorously protesting the appalling decimation which is taking place among the ranks of the red squirrel, particularly in the more settled regions of the province, and I would implore all members of the B.C. Registered Trap-

pers Association to weigh this question with great deliberation within their own minds. Do they seriously think that we, the three hundred odd members of this Association, can possibly hope to hurl back this huge tide of public opinion which is so overwhelmingly against us? The primary requisites of any association—if that association be managed with discretion and foresight—is an endeavour to protect its members **against any eventuality which might present itself.** The executive of an association which wait until the milk is spilt and then suddenly wake up and try to retrieve the situation are lacking in the obligation they owe their own members. If that tide of opinion (protection for the red squirrel) were in the wrong, then I would say we would fight to the best of our ability, but let each one of us be honest with ourselves and admit that that opinion has **RIGHT** on its side. For the past decade no animal in the woods of British Columbia has been faced with the terrific slaughter waged against its ranks than has the red squirrel. This squirrel is a definite factor in Nature's management of the forests, and it is these same forests which supply the registered trapper with his livelihood. My own personal experiences—and they might be only my own—have been that when the snowshoe rabbit is out, but when there is an abundance of red squirrel in the woods, the trapper can always reckon on having a certain amount of fox, mink, and other flesh-eating fur-bearers upon the line. But when the squirrel as well as the rabbit is out, then the registered trapper can figure on having damned little of anything; for the obvious reason that if the mice crop happens to be a small one, there is little of anything for such fur-bearers to exist on. And Nature **will not allow** any fur-bearing animal to be prolific in its breeding unless she is first satisfied there is an abundance of food to support that population when it reaches maturity.

The tragedy—if I might call it *continued on page 69*



As I See It

by JOHN A. FRASER

At this time a retrospect of general conditions as well as a glance at future prospects should be reassuring.

Retrospectively, we have been very fortunate during the period of hostilities. Full employment has been with us, in fact there has always been a shortage of competent labor.

We have added to our production of all lines of our forest products, some of which we have heretofore considered somewhat of a nuisance but now is becoming valuable, most of which is for export.

Our farmers have been blessed with satisfactory production and ample markets for everything produced.

Mining has languished somewhat, but our tourist trade, especially last fall, has certainly shown an increase. While the quantity of pelts taken may have decreased, the increase in price has more than compensated for the decrease in number.

Our production of beef and pork is at a new high and the quantity for export must show a considerable increase.

In the future we are reasonably sure that there will be an increase in mining production, and it is confidently expected that, with the advent of spring, intensified interest will be shown in the recovery of gold as well as an increased interest in prospecting.

Generally speaking, the farmer has increased his acreage under cultivation and there is an increased demand for power machinery, both for cultivation and for further extension of land clearing by the new power machinery.

Herds of cattle have been culled sharply and this should result in a higher standard of quality in beef production.

Given reasonable encouragement
continued on page 68

'Happy Hank'

By Agnes Neave

If you have travelled on the road between Quesnel and Burns Lake and down to Wistaria, you have quite possibly seen Happy Hank and his horses and little herd of goats meandering along.

One summer day last year he came here to Francois Lake Landing, and as we had not seen or heard of him before, we were surely thrilled to watch him and his little band come along. I think he had eight or nine nanny goats and four horses. One he rode and two carried packs. The other he was going to trade off or sell as he travelled along.

Of course we took snaps of him. Happy says if only he had a dollar for every snap taken of him on his travels, that he would be quite well-to-do financially! He came into the store for a few things, and we got talking. He had suffered with stomach ulcers and the doctor advised him to drink milk, and not to worry. So he bought some goats to provide the milk, and with a few horses he took to the road. He never hurries, and never bothers about anything. He speaks pleasantly and restfully. His wants are few and he is now in perfect health.

After staying here for a few hours, so that the animals could have a drink and a feed and get rested, he called the goats, mounted his horse, and away they went Colleymount way. About a month

later, when we had almost forgotten about him, we saw him with his walking dairy and horses on the ferry coming across from Southbank. He had been round the head of Francois Lake, through Noralee, and then to Wistaria, on to Ootsa Lake, and up this way again through Grassyplains, a distance of 150 miles. He had sold one of the horses. Four of the goats had freshened, but he gave the kids away. It would be impossible for tiny kids to travel with him, slow though he is.

He came in again for a chat. We mentioned how one of the goats seemed particularly friendly, and he told us that he had owned her for several years, and she was his special pal. He said, "Why, she's even been up in an aeroplane with me." We asked how that was, and he told us. He knew where there was a good showing of gold, and when an interested miner asked if Happy would be willing to show where it was, he agreed. The miner suggested taking Happy by air, but he explained that he had to have fresh milk. "Well," said the man, "If that's the case, we'll take your goat in the 'plane, too."

So they took her in the 'plane and she went prospecting with them.

I forget where Happy spends his winters, but we hope that he will be able to come up this way again with his friends next summer.

'Sky Blue Water' Lake

5 miles southeast of
Pavilion, B.C.



Northward Through The Cariboo

by 'Cariboo King' (Arthur H. Townsend)

With the blood of his globe-trotting, tiger-hunting, cattle-rustling ancestors flowing in his veins, the author, with his wife and family, goes northward through the Cariboo to Prince George. The authentic account of their trip, contained in the following piece of work, reveals that the Cariboo is intriguing, beautiful and beyond description. The story also reveals that the English-born, Canadian-raised author has a humorous side to his make-up. You'll enjoy this trip through the Cariboo.

When I was one year old, my parents immigrated to Canada from England. I do not like to delve

too much into my ancestry, but I have heard my father mention that one great uncle was a big game



Nice moosehead bagged by Sandy Solmonson (right) and the author.



Sheep in the Cariboo.

Photos by the Author

hunter who had shot tigers in India and who had covered the high seas as a living, vital unit of the British navy. Another clansman immigrated to the U.S.A. and another to Canada. These men were all above-board and specimens of integrity. Yet, as I delve more and more into the ancestral line of my forebears, I discover that pirates, horse thieves and cattle rustlers, in the dim and distant past, were the order of the day. I could never relish this "five hundred" business. I'd sure like to delve into the ancestry of some of the people who, having built up a bank roll by fair means or foul and, having "put on the dog," seem to think that everybody who works with their hands are inferior to themselves. They have been pampered, coddled, spoiled, or else educated beyond their intelligence.

Winnipeg was our first stop—via New York. We lived in this city for two or three years. Then we packed our duds and travelled to Victoria, where I was raised, schooled and trained during the greater part of my life—dad's razor strop doing most of the work. After three years of additional schooling and training in Seattle, Washington, I arrived back home in the capital of B.C. But life in the city of Victoria, intriguing to souls who enjoy soft living, rain and fog—I've seen the rain come down for one week without stopping; Vancouver is worse—was more depressing than formerly. The blood of my globe-trotting, tiger-hunting, cattle rust—(ahem!) ancestors was flowing in my veins. The world was calling.

During this period of my indecision and inexperience, I met the Reverend Mr. Ellis, who is now

continued on page 64



Dweller of the Burrows

by Leo Jobin

For many years I have tried to locate badger in the Cariboo but until July, 1945, I had failed. Many times people have reported to me seeing some peculiar denizen while travelling by car at night; and according to the vague description obtained I was unable to identify the animals reported. I thought they might be badgers moving from the south up into this northern part of British Columbia.

One day in early July our Forest Ranger called at my office and told me he saw a badger near Whiskey Creek. This creek is about 10 miles north of Williams Lake, B.C. The following day, while patrolling this district I investigated a spot where, six years ago, ground squirrels were unknown; but at the present time several hundred may be found. To my amazement, while walking through this ground squirrel colony

I noticed some fresh digging and, according to signs, the digging was made by one or more badgers. Convinced that at last I had located the rarest fur-bearing animal in the Cariboo, I returned home with the intention of coming back at an early date and photographing these badgers, if possible, before they moved to some new hunting ground.

Early one morning a few days

later I left home with my photographing equipment to take a few pictures of this odd-looking creature. First of all I located a good burrow with plenty of fresh signs nearby. I set the camera on a tripod as usual and concealed myself in some brush about 50 feet from the camera. At 5:00 a.m. everything was ready to take my first picture. It was 10:00 a.m. before I got my first glimpse of a badger that morning. By that time the sun was very hot. The gophers were watching my apparatus and appeared to know that some new danger was at hand. My patience was getting low, but by experience I have found that sometimes the last half hour of waiting in a blind is the most successful. I raised myself enough to throw a small stone at the nearest gopher to keep it quiet, but by luck the stone fell a couple of inches from its head and in the excitement he ran for the badger hole which was only a few feet away. It was only a few

seconds before the poor creature found it had made a serious mistake. It pulled out of the hole with all the speed its little feet could summon—the badger close behind. As soon as the badger arrived at the entrance of the hole it stopped and viewed the surrounding ground. By this time I had released the shutter of the camera with my electric device and my first badger picture was taken.

I went to reset the camera and to investigate at close range if my subject was in the right position at the time I released the shutter. Everything appeared to be in good order. During this time, to my great astonishment, the badger had blocked the hole with loose sand. This was done with such rapidity that I am still at a loss to understand how it was possible in such a short time. I secured only one picture on this trip, but I gained much knowledge regarding those shy and timid inhabitants of the burrows.

While in the blind I noticed three more badgers, but they must have been young ones, as they were only half the size of the one I photographed.

It would appear that several gopher holes are enlarged by the badgers. They dig about five feet deep and proceed to another hole and do the same thing until about half a dozen burrows are dug. They leave the place for a while and return from another direction. They may be seen standing straight like small statues watching the gophers feeding at a short distance from their own burrows. As soon as the badgers are satisfied that the time is ripe for the kill, they begin to sneak up to the little fellows, keeping their bodies as close as possible to the ground. By this time all of the ground squirrels have scented danger and have made their escape to the closest burrow. Some have taken refuge in the enlarged holes which, in my opinion, were dug by the badgers for this purpose. From my position I had the opportunity to watch every movement of both badger and ground squirrel; therefore I am convinced that the badgers were



well aware that some of their victims would take refuge in the larger holes during the commotion. One wise badger walked straight for the first hole and returned in the matter of a minute without its prey. It entered the second hole and this time returned with a large gopher in its mouth. The killer lay down at the entrance to the burrow to devour its catch leisurely and after having cleaned its whiskers and front paws in cat fashion, curled up and went to sleep.

About 100 feet north of me I saw another similar performance by another member of this badger family. With the aid of my field glasses I had the opportunity to see it at work and was able to take

many notes on its habits. One thing which amazed me on one of my visits to this new camera-hunting ground was while walking in a gulch about 100 yards from where I knew the main dens were located, I came face to face with a badger. It was too far from a burrow to take refuge, so it showed fight. It lay on its back with its claws ready for action if I were willing to take that chance; but knowing the power of these animals and the wounds they inflict if attacked, I walked quietly away and watched it until it disappeared into one of the many tunnels of its tribe.

In general, badgers do their hunting early in the morning or late in

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The 'Open The Alcan Highway' committee - Dawson Creek and Fort St. John business men who can see no legitimate reason for keeping the road closed. They know of thousands ready to come.

Why Delay?

The Opening of The Alcan Highway

Peace River business men have united in an effort to speed up the opening of the highway to tourists.

With the general lifting of wartime restrictions on travel and on the items necessary to travel, itchy-footed tourists throughout the continent are busy consulting road maps in anticipation of an orgy of travel heretofore unsurpassed. It is safe to say that no road on any map is receiving more consideration from these prospective tourists than that which threads its magnificent way through Canada's virgin Northwest.

From all indications, interest in travel on the Alaska Highway is reaching unbelievable heights; auto clubs and newspapers, both in Canada and the United States, report mountains of inquiries about the famous road, and while, in most cases, a general description of the road is available, inquirers are reminded that the Highway is still

closed to public travel, and will remain so until a definite policy concerning it has been established by the Canadian Government, which takes over the Highway from the U.S. on April 1, 1946.

Meanwhile, the two wide-awake towns of Dawson Creek and Fort St. John, B.C., both on the Alaska Highway, have taken the bit in their teeth and formed an "Open the Alaska Highway" committee, with members representing the Boards of Trade of both places. Apprehensive of government red tape and delay, and fearing official indifference in the ordinary course of events, the committee has already dispatched a resolution to Prime Minister Mackenzie King at Ottawa requesting that he appoint a commission of Members of Parliament to see the Highway and to

meet with the Dawson Creek-Fort St. John committee so that the matter of opening the Highway to the public during the current season may be acted upon when Parliament next convenes.

By the time the U.S. Government officially turns the road over to

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An idea of the type of fishing future tourists of the 'Alcan' may expect. - A 17 pounder taken by Harry Giles from Muncho Lake. (The highway skirts the shore of this lake)

What of Land Settlement?

by A. M. Bezanson

During the years of travail—1930 to 1946—when optimists envisioned a new world being born and pessimists saw their old world being destroyed and hope for the future seeping away, Canada, being young and lusty, forged her way in the crucible of war to a position of power and influence rarely attained by so few people in so short a time.

Primarily, this was possibly because of her great natural resources. But dormant, those resources would have availed neither Canada nor the world very little. Fortunately, consciousness of her strength, her adulthood and her responsibility had been growing during the frustrated thirties, so that when Hitler's defiance of the principles and social verities we call civilization challenged the free peoples of the world, Canada was among the first to accept the challenge. How well she met the demands and responsibilities laid upon her is now history, and should need no elaboration here.

Now, however, she faces a much greater test and an equal responsibility. How she meets this test determines her future as a nation and the welfare of her citizens. Militant patriotism is a characteristic reaction of all peoples attacked or threatened by an alien power. Nations, like individuals, rise above themselves under stress of great emergencies. The emergency past, however, they tend to relax and sink into a period of inertia.

But that we simply cannot afford to do. Our natural resources and youthful vitality enabled us to surpass any people of equal numbers in war production and efficiency. Now we must call upon another youthful faculty, elasticity, and face the problems confronting us with enthusiasm and coordinated effort equal to that we displayed so magnificently during the war. If we do this, we can make our coun-

try in fact what it has long been in resources, one of the richest in the world, with a living standard surpassing all others.

War's demands brought to light our natural supremacy in some metals and minerals and the capacity to develop them. War's destruction enlarged our wheat market to such a degree that our surplus is being sold at a nice profit and the outlook ahead for wheat farmers is pretty bright.

We built ships and war material also—but not at competitive prices. The ink was hardly dry on Peace Treaties ere Canadian steamship companies announced the letting of contracts for replacements and added vessels—in the Old Country. The cost plus method, so popular with our shipbuilders, couldn't stand up against real competition in a peace economy. Development of our mines and production of other war minerals slumped during the war. Now, they should have, and no doubt will have, a renaissance. Mineral production in Canada, when compared with mineral resources, has barely begun. This pertains particularly to oil and iron, the two basic minerals in an industrial economy.

But all natural minerals are irreplaceable. Once they are utilized, that source of wealth is exhausted. Even timber, one of our greatest natural resources, requires a century or more for growth.

But we have another resource, too often too lightly considered and only once in all our history blazoned

before the world in its true prospective. I am thinking of our vast areas of productive soil. No people in the Northern Hemisphere have so rich a heritage per capita. During the first decade of this century we were conscious of this fact and told the world about it. The result was a period of phenomenal growth and land settlement. It brought us the Great Boom, with the inevitable collapse following. Probably but for the dislocations of world economy following World War I the aftermath of that boom would not have been so destructive. But we could hardly be expected to anticipate such a catastrophe as a World War and its aftermath. Nor could we anticipate the energy and proportions of the land and lot boom before they got into full swing. Then we all tend to go along and get in on the fun.

The hungry thirties, however, should have taught us many things. That was the period—remember?—when the stock answer of government and big business — except mining—to requests that highways and railways be built and industries established to utilize our manpower in constructive employment instead of demoralizing it in destructive doles was, "Oh, we can't do that; there's no money." Strange, wasn't it? I wondered that some brilliant publicist didn't suggest that we rename our country Canada during that period.

We now face another post-war period. A much worse one for many peoples than the previous one. But not for us if we retain a reasonable proportion of the statesmanship, the initiative and the co-operative effort we drew upon during the war years.

We shall not do it by harking back to "good old days." By thinking of a return to normalcy. We should look and think ahead, not back. Mankind must move forward or stagnate and eventually disappear.

There's an old truism that we Canadians should keep ever in mind—"A nation that does not possess its land shall lose it." So

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'Skook's' pack train high above timber-line traversing an 'alpine meadow' hundreds of miles north of road or rail.

Photos by Pattenson B.C.L.S.

'Skook' Davidson

Packer Extraordinary

If you leave the settlements and go into the great empty country lying north of the Canadian National Railroad in British Columbia, you will—providing that you are far enough away from what we are pleased to call civilization—in all probability have the pleasure of meeting up with one "Skook" Davidson.

The frontier of this province has always attracted a type of man who combines individualism and force-fulness with a colourful personality. Such a one is "Skook" Davidson. Home: Sifton Pass, on the headwaters of the Finlay River. Post office address: Fort Ware, to

the north of Fort Graham, B.C.

Trapper, soldier, canoe-man, horse-packer and cowboy, in his time "Skook" John Ogilvie Davidson is known far and wide on the trails and rivers, and at the scattered trading posts of that hinter-land. He is the type of man that Rex Beach would have gloried in as a character for his stories of the North Country had he but known him.

"Skook" Davidson came up the Cariboo Road at the start of the present century. He was a young man then, fresh from Scotland, and

By W. N. (Rusty) Cambell

like so many before him settled in Quesnel. Here he worked out on survey parties, with pack trains, and tried his hand at washing the gold bars for a while. In time he wandered north to greener pastures, and followed all of the occupations of woodsmen and frontiersmen. For years he trapped up the North Fork of the Clearwater (Torpy) and the McGregor River, and was horse packer for many surveys through the mountains of that country, swimming his horses across roaring mountain rivers and hacking trails through dense willow bottoms. In his time he packed for all the early surveyors—Fred Burden, Frank Swannel, and others well known then. He was canoe-man for the locating surveyors of the Grand Trunk Pacific at one time, now the C.N.R.

It was while in his prime as a packer that Davidson earned the nickname or rather title of "Skook,"



The pack-train fording the swollen waters of a northern river. It looks risky and **is** risky.

which, to give it a liberal translation, simply means "Hiyu Skookum." The stories of his feats of strength, probably all of them true, are legion. It has been said that he once took a pack train of 22 horses, all of them fully packed, on a trail trip of several days. The Indians of the north became wary of hiring out with him, even for short trips, as assistant packers. He spared neither himself nor his crew and always took the lead, be it swimming the horses across swift, deep rivers, or handling a wall-eyed cayuse with a mean streak.

"Dot man, be strong, jus' lak a moose, by Joe," said the Indians.

Like many of his class of men, when World War I occurred "Skook" enlisted and gave distinguished service with the 102nd Battalion, C.E.F. As scout sergeant he was awarded the D.C.M. and later won bars to that decoration.

For many years he operated pack trains to the Omineca gold fields out of Fort St. James and German-sen Landing. He operated his large pack trains through the wilderness

in the employ of the American Army Engineers in the recent survey of the proposed railway to Alaska. Latterly he has been packing the Geodetic Surveyors under Mr. Pattinson, B.C.L.S., in his mountaintop to mountaintop survey from the northern boundary of the province.

Men like "Skook" Davidson can well be named empire builders. Engaged, as they always are, in rolling the frontier back, they stay not with "rolled locked" country,

but well ahead of the herd.

Their work, difficult, dangerous, sometimes in the extreme, and with little of the comforts of ordinary life, is generally unknown to but the few that follow the fringes of the frontier. But we are extremely fortunate that we will always have men of the stamp of "Skook" Davidson in the north country, and not only in the north but on all frontiers and wild places of the earth that calls for stout hearts and character.

L. R. DICKENSON

General Merchandise

Member of Consolidated Grocers

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Land Settlement

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let economic experts seek to establish our proper place in a world economy. Let politicians and financial experts wrestle with the much-discussed money system. In the multiplicity of activities which make up a modern nation, let every meritorious idea and enterprise have free play and full scope. But let us ever be aware that land is basic. Let us build a nation of self-sustaining homesteads operated by the farmer-owner. Then let us give the farmer an even break with the industrialist in free access to markets, in a fair return for his labor. Let us provide him with abundant and cheap electricity, now wasting in a thousand streams. Let us provide him with decent roads and schools and marketing facili-

ties. Let us—in British Columbia—finish the job commenced thirty-odd years ago, of providing the interior of the province with a north-south railway that taps the great Peace River country and reaches the major seaport on the Pacific, Vancouver.

The 1930's taught many workers the folly of depending upon the whims of the "market" for a livelihood. And the greater folly in seeking to make a living instead of a life.

Forget all the nonsense about twentieth century folks being unwilling to live in a cold climate or to develop bush land. Russia and the Scandinavian countries disprove that. Mankind has reached its highest development in northern latitudes. All that's needed is the assurance that those things this age demands will not be denied him on the assinine ground, "There's no money."

Certainly, isolated bush homesteads are out—definitely. But why not community settlements built around suitable small industries such as creameries, canning plants, meat processing plants, mines, etc.?

There's room for a thousand such communities in the Cariboo and Peace River alone. And let us always remember that the farmer is more than a converter of raw materials, into consumable goods. He is the administrator of the basic resources of life. He works with the very processes of life.

Public policy should be concerned with land use, not trade; social efficiency, not money efficiency. If a profession is an occupation involving social responsibility, farming is a profession.

Is it not high time we recognize it as such? And treat it and reward it as such?

* * *

On his way through Williams Lake a prominent Cariboo citizen saw an Indian loitering on the station platform of the P.G.E.

"Why don't you get yourself a job?" asked the P.C.C.

"Why?" countered the Indian pleasantly.

"Well," said the P.C.C., slightly

nettled, "You get yourself a job and save your money. After a while you have quite a lot of it."

"Why?" said the Indian:

"So you can retire," said the P.C.C., "and never have to work again!"

"I am not working now," pointed out the Indian.

* * *

* * *

A sentimental lady touring the Cariboo paused beside a tree and said, "Oh, wonderful fir, if you could only talk, what would you say?"

A forest ranger who happened by, interjected, "Pardon me, lady, but I am a pine."

* * *



One would have to hunt far and wide before finding a more perfect retreat from everyday worries than this fisherman's paradise - Upper end of Isaacs Lake Bowron Lake Game Reserve near Barkerville.

LOOKING BACK

by Sgt. G. H. Clark

When asked to write something for the Cariboo Digest regarding my Police experiences around Quesnel, I protested that I was not an oldtimer, and incidents in which I may have had a part would be of little interest to people in a place where many present residents have themselves helped to make history. My friend, however, was insistent, so I promised to write down for him a few things I can remember of my stay in Quesnel as a member of the B.C. Police.

One day in September, 1922, I was helping to stack the last of the hay crop at a ranch in the Chilcotin when a man on horseback appeared and handed me a telegram instructing me to report to Chief Constable Greenwood at Quesnel. The man, whom I got to know well in the years that followed, was Constable Harry Clarke, who was at that time stationed at Hanceville.

On my arrival I was sworn in before Mr. Lunn and given a badge, a baton, a gun, and instructions by Chief Greenwood. Sixteen years later, when both of us had been stationed in many places in the years between, I was working under him when he left the Force. At Quesnel when I joined, there was for transportation a Star car and two horses that roamed about in the yard of the Government Building. One was a strawberry roan named "Baldy" and the other a buckskin cayuse. Baldy was placid enough when you had him, but when loose he would walk about just out of reach. Once he got away from me near Holt's farm and I had to walk home, with Baldy following me at ten paces to the rear.

I met my working partner, Constable E. J. Breckon, who had served overseas in the first Great War with the Mounted Police. We shared a small room in the basement of the Government Building which was warm in winter and cool in summer. Breckon was quite a

philosopher in a cynical kind of way, and was wont to launch off in lengthy dissertations, which invariably commenced with, "It's a sad commentary on, etc., etc." and to which I listened with considerable enjoyment.

One of my first assignments was a patrol out through Nazko to Trout Lake, down the Cluskus Trail to Blackwater, and return by the Blackwater Road. I started out with the buckskin cayuse, but he went lame and I had to leave it with Julius Quanstrom, who loaned me a black mare. The next night I slept in an old barn near Major Franklin's place, wrapping myself in the saddle blanket and burrowing into a pile of hay. It was a cold night and I was glad to make an early start. At nightfall I reached Trout Lake Johnny's and stayed in his house. It was very hot and there were many in Johnny's family of all ages. I was the guest of honour and had the bed. The house had only one room, so it was cozy but not nice. I entered without knocking but I had to scratch my way out. On the way down the Cluskus Trail my horse stepped on a tin can that housed a hornets' nest. It was late in the season, but the hornets were not too sleepy to swarm out and sting me and the horse. We did the next mile and a half in nothing flat.

Arriving at the Blackwater Telegraph Station late in the afternoon, I introduced myself to Mr. Cour-



tenay, the operator. I had been warned that he did not welcome travellers, so I was not surprised that my reception was gruff. After some conversation he thawed out somewhat and allowed me to share his supper of bread and prunes, and stay the night there. Later I got Jimmy Donnelly to send him out some supplies, and on subsequent patrols we were the best of friends. Halfway to Quesnel the second horse went lame, and I had to walk and drag it along by the head-rope. The other side of Goose Lake I came upon a car which had passed me some miles back. The men were changing a tire and a woman was standing by watching them. On the back seat I noticed a .22 rifle, which I picked up and discovered it was loaded. I asked the men who owned it, and one of them told me he did, adding that his name was Roy McKinlay. He could not produce a license, so I took the rifle and added it to my load. In the evening when I dragged wearily into town I found that McKinlay had wired Prince George and obtained the number of his hunting license. However, as the gun had been loaded in the car, he was charged under the Game Act and fined ten dollars by Magistrate Lunn. At that time Roy McKinlay was quite a character in the country. Not long after the incident I have recounted he held up the Chief of Police of Prince George at the point of a gun, and as the

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Not a small part of the pleasure lies in the wondrous view after a long and arduous climb.

Skiing at Wells

by Jean E. Grady

This Cariboo is a country of well-defined seasons. As inevitable as Time itself, spring, summer, autumn and winter come and go, each with its offerings of activity and beauty. Winter brings not the least of these. Too many people, with the descent of the first snow flurry, become captives of the fireside, the shoveled path, the plowed highway. There is much beyond these—so very much in the magnificence of winter mountains and valleys.

Back in 1933, a handful of skiers knew about this. They were dyed-in-the-wool plankmen, hailing, mostly, from Scandinavian homes. But the small town of Barkerville, huddling among snow-capped hills, gave them what they longed for most—dazzling ski terrain. It was not long before they had followers anxious to learn command over skis. So in this same year, the talents of Pete Sandes, Kaare Hegseth, Emil and Otto Brandvolt, Mac Grady, to mention a few, combined to form the Barkerville Ski Club. Sandes is acknowledged the first president of a club in this country.

The Eyeopener Gulch near Barkerville was the chosen site for the ski

jump. No matter how "natural" a hill may be in appearance, there are always long hours of work, tramping in solid and smooth runways above and below the jump, and shaping a take-off with precision.

Barkerville was the scene of a local and junior tournament when Carl Stoya made the record leap of 110 feet on that hill. Would-be skiers and fans readily agreed that skiing brought both moments of wonder and hilarity.

Four miles Quesnel-ward from Barkerville, at this same time, the baby town of Wells was toddling its way to recognition. Finding employment in its mines, the plankmen from Barkerville literally gave

it a pair of skis when their original club adopted the new name of Wells Ski Club in 1935.

Throughout the ensuing years, Wells Ski Club suffered the growing pains peculiar to any club; but the achievements visible today are well in advance of the setbacks. The man to whom thanks is extended for much of the work entailed is Nordahl Kaldahl, a resident of Wells for many years and an ace jumper on any hill. Coupled with his name in the same respect are those of Henry Sotvedt, Tom Mobraaten and Kaare Hegseth.

In the early years, skiing was a two-way sport, consisting of jumping and cross-country racing. About the time the Wells Club was formed downhill and slalom skiing were becoming popular. These two new forms of the sport brought a greater necessity for skill and technique; they also brought competition as a challenge to the very ski tips of raw amateurs. Skiing became a sport for the people.

In Wells, it seemed determined to make a home for itself. The men at the helm of the club carefully selected the various courses. High above the town on the slopes of the Lowhee Gulch, they purchased a large log cabin. Directly across

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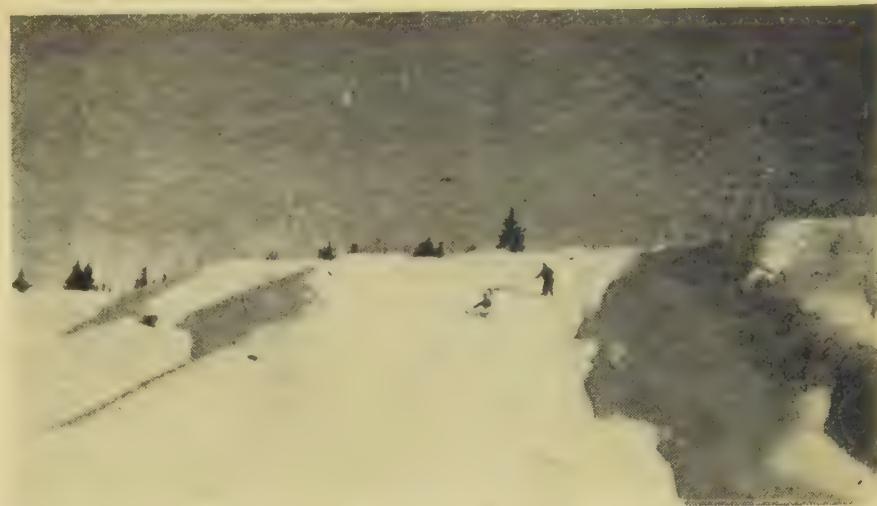
SKIING AT WELLS

the gluch they slashed out, constructed and tamed the big jump on Cow Mountain. Here an unofficial jump of 225 feet was made by Tom Mobraaten. On the same mountain, at another angle, they logged off a broad sheath 800 feet long by 100 feet wide, and with the passing seasons hewed and coaxed forth a slalom hill of grade and perfection. Flood lights were installed throughout its length for night skiing and a small cabin was erected at the foot of the hill for comfort and convenience. Continuing up the mountain an approximate distance of one mile brings skiers to the start of the downhill run. Its turns and descents have proved to many a skier whether he could or he couldn't. To one side of the slalom course, running the same length, is the junior jump—a neat miniature of the big jump, conquered by equally neat miniatures of the big skiers.

Skiers and non-skiers alike love the thrills of a tournament. On a steep course of sparkling white mapped with colored flags, split seconds mean the winning or the losing of a trophy. Exact timing in slalom means the difference between success and disqualification. A jumper's hard-earned style in the moments he hovers high above spectators and snow brings valuable points in four-way competition. A man calling "TRACK" on the long cross-country trail means a few minutes up on the man to the fore.

The scene for the Provincial Championships of 1939 was laid in Wells, likewise the Western Canada Championships of 1942. The latter tourney was studded with ski stars like Gus and Daisy Johnson, Henry Sotvedt and Ruth Larsen of Vancouver, Bill and Bert Irwin of Amber Ski Club, Princeton, and Alf Johansen of Kimberley Ski Club, who earned for keeps the Minister of Mines Trophy.

The Snow Queen Contest is a feature attraction of the main yearly event. Usually three girls are chosen to sell tickets upon



strength of their popularity and personalities. The eventual queen is crowned by the one retiring with all regality and pageantry at a Coronation Ball.

A great amount of the success attending Wells Ski Club tournaments must be attributed to its willingness to direct proceeds toward charitable and worthy means. This policy has been outstanding during the years of the war. Applause falls in showers upon the president, who is behind all functions and activities of the club, Mr. Eric North. This season is his seventh in the important position, and is the longest-held presidency in the club's history. Members hope it will remain a permanent thing.

Ski Clubs promote the larger tournaments in affiliation with their

provincial Ski Zone and the C.A.S.A. In this respect, the Wells Ski Club is one of a union of international Ski Clubs.

Once again—skiing is for the people. There are no set hours for this recreation, no hard and fast rules.

With the passing of January, the skier hears the calling of spring winds above the timberlines of Mounts Agnes, Elk, Murray and Bald. To answer is to know boundless sweeps of snow, sunshine and blue skies; or to thrill to the poetry of skiing through tides of white moonlight and depths of black shadows.

The much-quoted words of a famous instructor are all that need be added. He said, "Skiing is neither a sport nor a pastime. It is a mode of living."

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PETE PAVICH

WELLS, B.C.

Edward 'Red' Tait

by R. N. Campbell

Those who knew Edward "Red" Tait, were of the opinion that he was the best stage driver that ever held the ribbons over four or six horses on the old Cariboo road. He was nicknamed "Red" because of the heavy red beard which he wore.

As a young man Red drove a six horse outfit in the big parades of Barnum and Bailey's circus. Drifting west he drove stage in Montana, Idaho and the Pacific coast states. He eventually came to B. C. and for a number of years drove for Barnhard's Express on the Cariboo road.

When the coach was filled with passengers "Red" Tait was very careful, but with an empty stage Red often performed spectacular feats with four or six horses. I have personally seen Red Tait race up the streets of Clinton at runaway speed, swing his horses close by the door of Joe Smith's

large stable yelling like a mad man and using the long whip; then he swung his horses quickly to the road centre then swung quickly again and cut a perfect figure eight all on the dead run, then he swung his madly galloping outfit again and brought it to a perfect stop two wheels of his coach lining up within one foot of the hotel verandah. An almost unbelievable feat.

Steve Tingley who was manager of Barnard's Express for most of its existence, a good reinsman himself, often voiced the opinion that Red Tait was the daddy of them all with horses.

I knew Red for a number of years intimately. However one evening a man who was a perfect stranger barged into Joe Smith's hotel.

"Hello young man how are you?"

the stranger asked.

"O.K." I replied.

"I guess you don't know me," smiled the stranger, "I am Red Tait, minus my whiskers."

Red's face was a mass of scars from his chin to his forehead and I learned later how he had acquired these scars. It seems that he had reached that long winding portion of the Cariboo road called Soda Creek hill, when, his horses, startled by something in the brush at the roadside bolted.

Red threw on the brakes but they failed to hold and the horses tore madly down the hill. The coach swayed badly and Tait was thrown out but he refused to relinquish his grip on the reins. For a great distance he was dragged down the road but finally the reins broke. The horses were stopped at Soda Creek and some men were sent out to locate Red.

Red was located at the foot of the hill, almost naked with blood covering him from head to foot, but anxious about his horses. His face was badly scarred and that was the reason he wore his very red whiskers.

On one trip Red left Yale to cover his section of the road. Arriving at the stopping house where he normally stopped until he was needed to drive the return trip, Red asked the next driver to allow him to drive his trip for him. Red drove through to Clinton and repeated his request, again he was allowed to drive and so he continued until he had driven the whole trip from Yale to Barkerville, a distance of 480 miles and left the following morning on the return trip to Yale driving the whole 960 miles with only three or four hours' sleep, and without changing drivers. If any other driver equalled this drive on the Cariboo road, I have never heard of him.



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DIATOMITE

*Could mean \$250,000 a
year to Cariboo*

by F. W. L.

If the tests now being made by the British Columbia Department of Mines and the BC. Industrial and Scientific Research Council prove that the diatomite in the vicinity of Quesnel can be used as a dusting agent in ammonium nitrate fertilizer, it is possible that a vast new field of wealth may be developed in the Cariboo.

Diatomite, when added to the nitrate, absorbs moisture, thus preventing caking and ensuring even spreading. The diatomite used for this purpose must be highly porous. Uncalcined material of 325 mesh and less than 5% moisture is required.

Diatomite of tertiary age, such as that occurring in the vicinity of Quesnel, is white or cream in color, very light in weight, and is in dry and compact beds. It is composed of the microscopically small remains of siliceous shells of diatoms, a form of algae that at one time lived under water. The most common type of diatomite found in



Loading Diatomite near Quesnel for shipment to Alberta

Canada is that of geologically recent fresh water origin, which usually occurs as grey or brown mud or peat.

There are more than 400 known deposits of diatomite in Canada. These deposits are in swamps and in the lake bottoms of northern Nova Scotia; in southern New Brunswick; in the Muskoka district of Ontario, and in various localities in British Columbia. However, the tertiary fresh water deposits near Quesnel in the Cariboo are the largest known in Canada. They run for many miles along the Fraser River, are compact and up to 40 feet in depth.

Up until recently, the main consumption of diatomite was as a filter-aid, used chiefly in refining of cane sugar. However, in 1944 only 38% of Canadian consumption was so used, 54% going into manufacture of commercial fertilizer and

(Note: The subject of diatomite, what it is, its commercial uses and values, has for some reason been wrapped up in a cloak of mystery. It has always been known that there were vast quantities of this stuff adjacent to the Fraser River in the vicinity of Quesnel. In recent months there has been quite a ripple of activity in connection with diatomite, but no one seemed to know or, if they knew, would not tell us what it actually was nor what it was used for. So, to satisfy our own curiosity and for the information of our readers, we asked the Provincial Department of Mines for the low-down on diatomite, and the following article has been compiled from data which was given to us by that department.)

the balance being utilized for insulation and as a filler in paint, paper, rubber, soap, textile and chemical industries; also as a base in silver polish.

Diatomite was employed in the war industries, being used for blocks and pipe insulation, combined with asbestos, in naval construction; in fireproof structural sheets; in pressure filters for water, and in army paints.

Prior to the war, some 30 different countries produced diatomite. At present United States is by far the largest producer, its 1944 output being nearly 160,000 tons, from 20 operators.

All Canadian production since 1939 has come from the deposits at Digby Neck, N.S., and from the west bank of the Fraser River north of Quesnel. G. Wightman operates the former and L. T. Fairey of Vancouver obtains his supply from the latter. The Ontario deposits have been dormant for some time.

In 1944 Canadian consumption of diatomite doubled that of the previous year, owing to development of its use as a fertilizer dusting agent. There are three companies making ammonium nitrate for the Government. One is located at Welland, Ontario, one at Calgary, Alberta, and one at Trail, B.C.

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Memoirs of a Rambler

by Youknohoo

- Wherein the 'Rambler' gets bit by the Gold Bug -

"Anybody can make a livin' in the Cariboo diggin' for gold."

The speaker was a roughly dressed individual whose tattered clothes, worn boots and general hang-dog appearance made him the antithesis of what I expected a wealthy gold miner to look like.

"All you need is a shovel anna pan," this individual continued. "Y' find a crik with gold in it and you dig the gold out. Y' make mebbe four dollars a day or mebbe fifty."

"Fifty cents a day?" I suggested.

The character was offended. He straightened up and extended his chest; then relaxed and eyed me with disgust.

"I mean fifty dollars," he said, "fifty dollars a day you might make; and then again you might find a old channel or possibly a pocket and clean up millyuns."

Cleaning up millions was a pleasing prospect. I mulled this idea over in my mind. The more I mulled it the better I liked it.

"Where is one likely to find a creek with gold in it?" I asked after a pause, in which I had mentally run through the major portion of my newly made fortune.

The character found something of great interest in the northwestern sky. He looked searchingly in that direction for several minutes.

"Where . . ." I began again.

"I could put you wise to somethin'," said the expert on gold. "I know a place see," his arms arced so as to take in all creation, "They's

a crik there anna place where the bedrock is only two feet deep." His eyes bulged at this portentous announcement. He looked at me closely to see if I had grasped the significance of such a glorious thing.

I hadn't.

"So?" I said.

"There is a tershury channel there," he continued. "Whenna glacier came it swep' the country clean for miles aroun' but it didn't touch this tershury channel an' its full a gold."

"You were there when the glacier came?" I suggested innocently.

He glared at me. "Glacier come

millyuns an' millyuns of years ago," he growled. "I savvy them things. I can read the signs see. Of course iffen you wanna keep on bein' a wage slave, if you wanna stay under a master's heel, why you don't need to make a fortune in no tershury channel. You can get a job." Then he smiled at me and patted my arm. "You commalang o' me an' you'll be wearin' diamon's. All we gotta have is fifty, sixty dollars worth of grub. You got fifty, sixty dollars ain't you?"

I admitted that I had fifty dollars.

"Fine," said the character, "that's fine, you'n me is gonna make history in the minin' world old hoss, old hoss."

My fifty dollars disappeared with rapidity. I bought a variety of goods which my Midas-like companion pointed out as being "powerful chuck" and by nightfall I had two dollars left.

In the morning I settled up my hotel bill, paid for a meal for myself and my new-found partner, and that finished the bankroll. My partner was as good as his word; he did apparently know a place, but he did not know how to get to this particular place.

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Saga of the "S.S. Enterprise"

by Judge E. D. Woodburn

During my residence in and travels about our great Federal County of Cariboo I have seen many interesting things and heard much from the old-time residents pertaining to the early days of the district. I think it is a great pity that so much valuable history should die with the oldtimers before it is committed to print for the benefit of posterity.

I recently came across one such intriguing episode from the past and for the foregoing reason determined to write it up.

Last July some friends of mine who had to make a business trip up Stuart and Trembleur Lakes in a motor launch invited me to accompany them, and it was proposed we do some fishing on the way.

The ensuing five days were the most pleasant I have ever spent. The weather was perfect. I enjoyed most excellent company. I visited country I had not been in before. And the fishing was superb.

We spent the first couple of days in Stuart Lake, then went up the Tachie River, which is about 15 miles long, into Trembleur Lake. I think the fishing in the west end of the latter must rank with the finest in the world. We caught so many really big rainbow and lake trout that we got to the stage of throwing them back if they were not of sufficient size to appeal to our fancy. The largest I caught was a 16½-pound rainbow, and I am sending a picture of it with this article which I hope Mr. Editor will print. There is the odd Indian village on 26-mile long Trembleur Lake.—outside of that we had the lake to ourselves. I think more people would visit it were it not for the rapids in the Tachie River. There are a number of these, they are really swift water. Navigating



All that remains of the Enterprise - the boilers, winches, paddle-wheel drive shaft, etc. half buried in the sand on the shore of Trembleur Lake.

Photo by Dave Hoy

these rapids is not a case simply of a straight pull against fast water, but of following a zig-zag course from marker to marker from one side of the river to the other, with right angle turns through narrow gaps calling for the utmost skill on the part of the pilot to keep his craft from grief on big boulders covered with white water.

But this is not the story of a fishing trip, it is the saga of the S.S. "Enterprise," and I mention the rapids for reasons which will later appear. When we at last emerged at the head of the Tachie River, one of my friends told us he would show us the remains of a large old steamboat wrecked at the west end of the lake.

When we finally reached our destination, we found a beautiful bay, with a good sandy beach backed by birch, poplar, alder, and

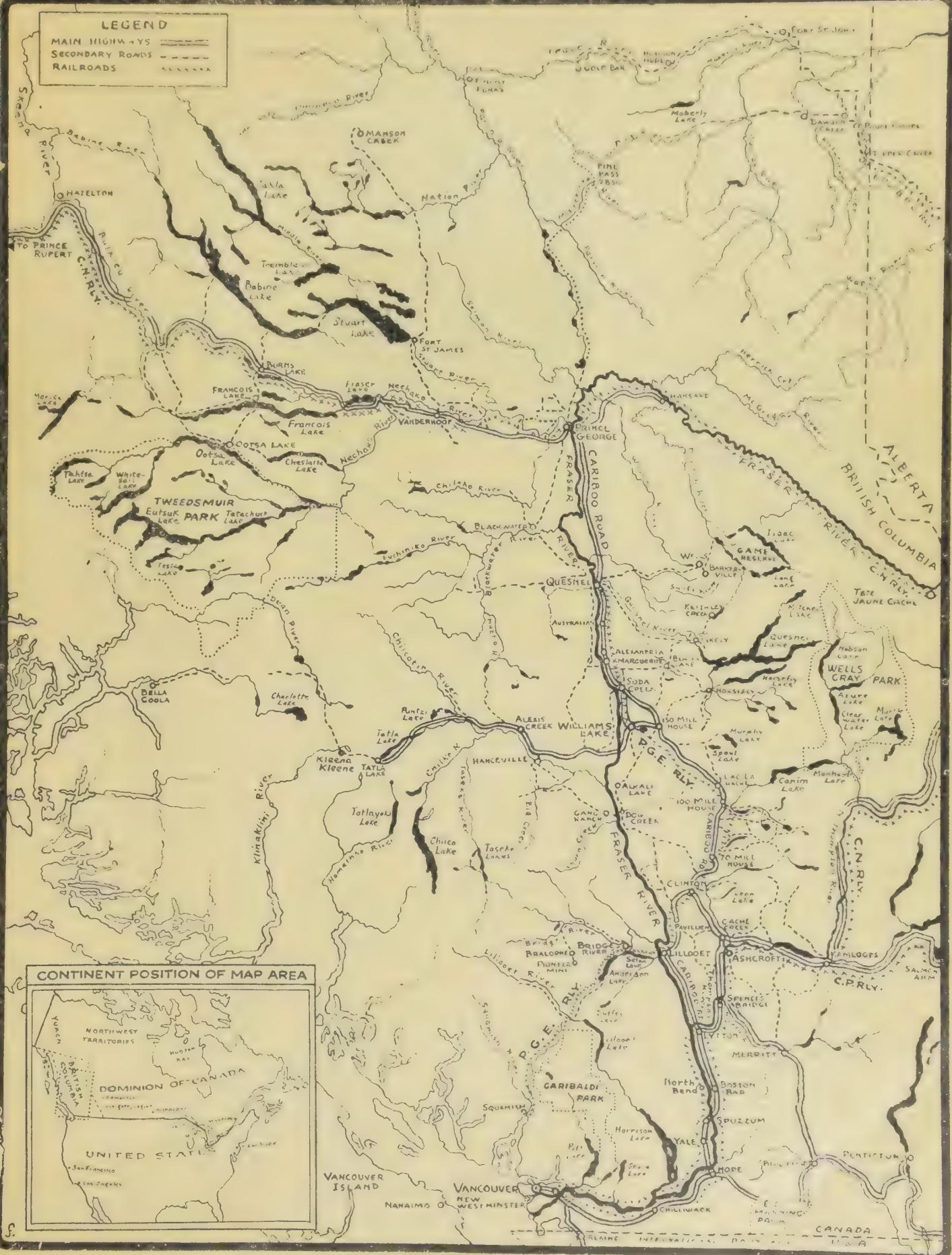
willow trees. And there, sure enough, were the remains of the old vessel. On the beach, close to the water's edge, were twin steam boilers, behind them big engine cylinders, and behind them again and at right angles, the crankshaft on which, in a bygone day, were mounted the paddles of a stern-wheeler. Ahead of all the foregoing was a niggerhead or capstan. Everything lay exactly as it fell out of a large wooden steamer when the woodwork rotted away through the passing of the years. I examined the remains for some sort of identifying marks. All I could find was the maker's name or trademark on the boilers.—"Lowmoor."

Pacing showed she had been a really big boat, well over 100 feet long. My friend, who has been familiar with these waterways for

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LEGEND

MAIN HIGHWAYS —————
SECONDARY ROADS - - - - -
RAILROADS ——————



Saga of the 'Enterprise'

continued from page 24

many years, could satisfy our curiosity very little about the wreck. It seems local gossip had it that the steamer had been used on Trembleur Lake over sixty years ago by some mining company for freighting in supplies to its mine. How it got there, he did not know. How did it get there? Was it built nearer the Coast and sailed up here? Impossible,—they could never get such a craft through the rapids of the Tachie River. Were the parts brought in here and the ship assembled at Trembleur Lake? Equally impossible,—there was no P.G.E., no C.N.R. in those days, no completion of the Cariboo Highway, and no road from the site of what is now Prince George to Vanderhoof and Fort St. James, by which to bring up heavy steam boilers and engines for such a vessel. My feelings over the whole matter were the same as I experienced when, as a small boy, I first saw a full-rigged sailing ship in a glass bottle, viz.—"It can't be done!" I felt I would never rest content until I learned the story.

On returning to Prince George, enquiries among oldtimers drew a blank. But at Prince George the expression "Oldtimer" generally means a resident here at the time of the railroad construction around 1912 and 1913. The place to find real "oldtimers" was Quesnel, and the latter town was also quite a centre in the days of steamboating on the Fraser River.

So the next time I was in Quesnel I continued my quest. "Mayor" Charlie Allison suggested I sound out Captain D. A. Foster ("Cap"), one-time skipper of such vessels as the "Charlotte" and the "Bx," which many years ago used to ply between Soda Creek and Fort George and sometimes as far up the Fraser as Tete Juan Cache. I did,—and there I struck gold.

"Why, yes," said Cap, "I can tell you about that steamer.

"It was 75 years ago, not 60, that



The author - on the fore-deck of the launch with one of the beauties which he deemed big enough to keep

craft sailed on Trembleur Lake. At that time there was quite a gold rush into the Omineca country. Some of the mines of those days were really large operations, one in particular, situate about 80 miles from Trembleur Lake on the Omineca River, was of such a size that a pack train of over 100 horses used to leave Quesnel (the nearest road point) each spring, loaded with supplies for it. I believe that same property is today owned by the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co., but is not being operated. It was worked until at least the end of the century. It was then known as "The 43rd Mining & Milling Co.",—I don't know if that was its original name. It was founded by the man after whom "Sparkes' Street" in Ottawa is named.

"My father-in-law, Bob McLeese, who came to the Cariboo from Northern Ireland, was, at the time of which I speak, operating a hotel and general store at Soda Creek. He and a man named Gus Wright conceived the idea of pioneering the inland waterways of this Province by building a large steamboat to take supplies by river and lake to the mines of the Omineca.

"So, about 1870, they built and launched at Soda Creek the S.S. 'Enterprise.' I have seen the figures on her dimensions; I have forgotten them exactly, but she was somewhere between 120 feet and 140 feet long, beam about 28 feet, and drew about 3 feet of water. The boilers, machinery and other parts were brought in by bull team from Yale to Soda Creek over the old Cariboo Trail.

"In the early Spring, loaded with flour from Collins' mill at Soda Creek and other supplies, and skippered by the same Gus Wright, she started on her great journey. Up the Fraser River, west along the Necho, northwest up the Stuart River into Stuart Lake, along that lake to the mouth of the Tachie, past the sand bars there and up the Tachie into Trembleur. And at last she completed her journey.

"But she made only that one trip. It took her all summer to do so, and that voyage showed the whole thing to be completely infeasible financially and in every other way. Maybe she ran on Trembleur Lake for awhile,—I don't know. But eventually she was allowed to drift ashore where the remains lie today, the Indians stripped her of everything removable, and wind, rain and tide did the rest.

"How did they get her through the rapids? Well, the first she encountered were in the Fraser River, and they had a great time getting her through the Fort George Canyon. It seems they rounded up all the Indians in the country from Quesnel to Fort George and hundreds of them just hauled her through by brute force. They brought her by the same means through the rapids of the Stuart River and last, but by no means least, up the Tachie River."

I asked Cap why it was necessary to use all those Indians to drag the "Enterprise" through the Fort George Canyon, while later ships used their own power to "line" themselves through. He replied that steam winches and better en-

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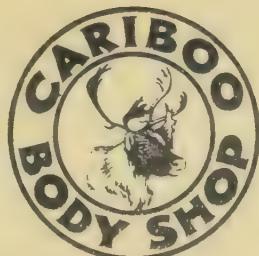
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SAGA OF THE S.S. ENTERPRISE

By Judge E. D. Woodburn

continued from page 26

gines on the more modern vessels enabled them to accomplish what the old "Enterprise" could not.

"How much did she cost?" responded Cap to my questions. "I think it was around \$85,000. Why didn't they pioneer with a smaller boat, from which they would have learned the impracticability of sending a big steamer through such waters? Well, Bob McLeese was a pretty wealthy man,—business was roaring in those early days of the Cariboo trail,—and I guess he and his partner figured that the one trip would pay for the ship. Remember that flour, for example, would sell up in the Omineca country at \$1.00 a pound.

"I believe that the log book of the "Enterprise" is still in existence somewhere," Cap concluded. "I have tried to locate it, but have not succeeded in doing so."

Shortly after this conversation I got an interesting sidelight on the story of the "Enterprise" from our old friend, Jack Gardner of Quesnel. He told me how, in 1902, he went on a prospecting trip by canoe from Quesnel north and up the west fork of the Finlay River. He came out in the Fall from Fort Graham to Fort St. James with some Indians who were making their last trip of the year for the Hudson's Bay Company. These Indians told him all about the "Enterprise" and were among those who had hauled her up the Stuart and Tachie over thirty years before. He remembered the names of some of them,—Seymour Segalen, Bob Segalen, and Charlie Murdoch.

Later, I was telling Sheriff A. K. Bourchier of Prince George what I had learned about the "Enterprise," and he told me he could take me to the Fort George Canyon and show me a trail of rotting corduroy where a large craft had apparently been hauled overland past the rapids at some time in the distant past. "I wonder if that could have been the 'Enterprise'?" he mused.

So, on another visit to Quesnel, I asked Cap about this. He told me that that was a much later ship. He mentioned her name and that of her owner and builder, but unfortunately I received this information at the height of the Armistice Day celebrations, and I am hanged if I can remember it now!

But I do want to hear more about the "Enterprise" and I fancy most of my readers will too. And there must be lots more to tell. What a story, for instance, that log book would reveal. If it is still in existence it should be in the Provincial Archives. Has search for it ever been made around the several Indian Reservations on Stuart and Trembleur Lakes, or the Church Missions which cater to the spiritual welfare of the natives? I must make some enquiries the next time I am in those parts. They would be good fields for enquiry, if it were Indians who stripped the ship when she went ashore. I want to know how, by towing from the shore, they got the steamboat up the tortuous curves of the Tachie rapids. That river must have been much worse in those days than it is today, for I understand many of the boulders have been removed from the channel.

Let's get this story complete. There's only a fraction of it here. Are there any pictures of this old steamboat in existence? How about some "Letters to the Editor" for the next issue of the Digest? Come on, John A. Fraser, come on you other oldtimers who may be able to throw some more light on this "Saga of the 'Enterprise'." What can you add, Dave Hoy? And how about you, Louis LeBourdais? I feel sure that from your memory of conversations with people who in turn were "oldtimers" in your youth or from personal and family records you can tell us some very interesting things about the early days of steamboating in the Cariboo.



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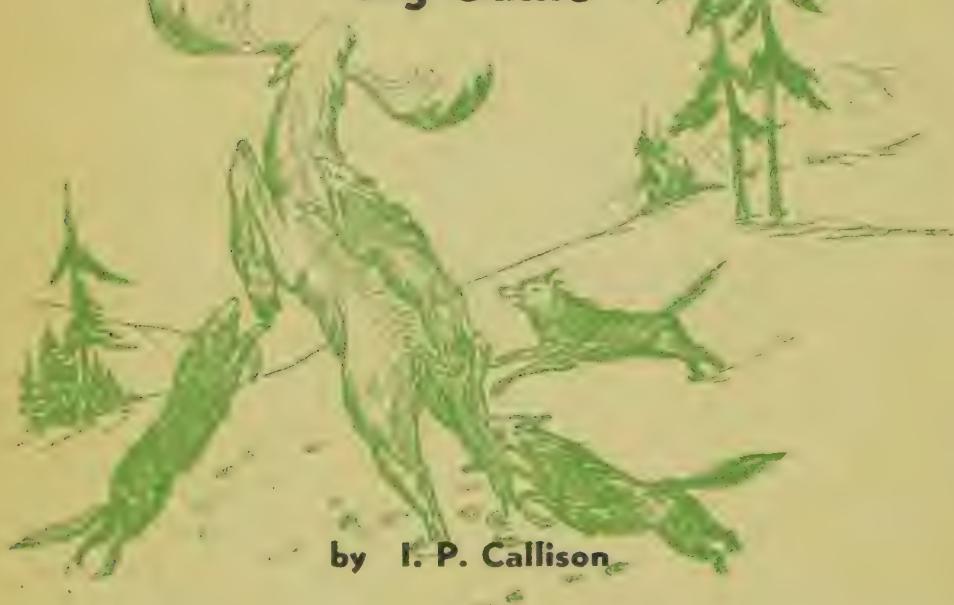
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Wolves and Coyotes . . .

Major Menace of North American Big Game



by I. P. Callison

The conclusions I have arrived at after four months in Alaska picturing and studying big game are so startling and point so dark a picture in regard to some types of game that I fear my story will be looked upon with incredulity, especially among those who are not familiar with the situation. From knowledge gained on this trip through the important game areas of Alaska and from personal observation made on numerous forays into the game areas of British Columbia and the Canadian Rockies, however, the evidence is irrefutable and conclusive.

Because of the enormous increase in the wolf population and the vast influx of coyotes in Western Canada and Alaska at least two important types of big game are on the way out, one of which faces early extinction. If something is not done, and quickly, Dell sheep, indigenous to Alaska and western Yukon Territory, will be exterminated by these predators; and other types,—the Fenin, the Stone and Rocky Mountain Bighorn,—will not long survive the onslaught. Conditions found in every area visited abundantly confirm this conclusion.

A number of factors have contributed to this deplorable state of affairs, but the most important and, I assert emphatically on the evi-

dence, the decisive factor is the enormous increase in these predators in the areas under consideration. During the period since the start of the war little has been done in Alaska and less in Alberta, British Columbia and Yukon Territory to meet this menace. Man-power has been so short in the entire area for the past five or six years that it has been impossible to maintain an adequate control force. Trappers, prospectors and ranchers who in the past did much to hold down the menace went into the service or found more pressing and more lucrative jobs. In most of the area the bounty was so small and ammunition so scarce that there was little incentive to divert

either trappers, prospectors or ranchers from the lucrative jobs at which they were engaged. On top of this the balance-of-nature hop-heads have made the vast National Parks areas of Western Canada and Alaska prolific breeding grounds for all types of predators, especially wolves and coyotes.

Both wolves and coyotes are hardy, resourceful, energetic, and are endowed with great power of endurance. They are both remarkably prolific, the gestation period of the coyote around sixty days and the litter averaging seven. They are both persistent and adaptable, being able to adjust themselves to any climate and any type of terrain. They are equally at home in the Tropics and in the Arctic.

Perhaps the most important reason for the amazing increase in the numbers of these predators in the vast primitive areas of Western Canada and Alaska stems from their displacement in their former habitat by the advance of our agrarian civilization. Within less than two generations the vast reaches of the mid-continent prairies and table lands, the former home and rich feeding grounds of countless thousands of these predators, have been taken over by white men. In the main their food and range have been destroyed or denied them. The only safe refuge left for them was the primitive areas above mentioned, and that great mass of migration is just now coming to full fruition. Only within the last five to ten years has that phenomenon commenced to show itself in its calamitous impact on the wild life of this vast area.

The first to suffer was, of course, the most helpless and that was the mountain sheep. Anyone familiar with the habits of these animals realizes they are, for all intents and purposes, without defense against the onslaughts of coyotes and wolf. This is especially true of the young. Almost equally defenseless is the caribou. Both are gregarious, travel and feed in herds, rest or sleep in the open and, being

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DAWSON CREEK



The town of Dawson Creek has been in existence at its present site since 1933. During the boom occasioned by the construction of the Alaska Highway, the population of the town increased from 800 to 7500 people, and has now become stabilized at roughly 3500. To accommodate the increase in population it was necessary to subdivide the golf links and to open up two new additional subdivisions.

After the fire and explosion of 1943 which devasted an entire town block, many new and modern buildings of brick and stucco were erected. The town now has three modern hotels, five up to date garages, two drug stores, three wholesale houses, and many retail businesses most of which occupy new and modern buildings. For relaxation there is a theatre, two dance halls, 2 bowling alleys and all of the leading Fraternal organizations are represented in the town. There are however many business opportunities remaining at Dawson Creek.

Dawson Creek is served by modern water, sewerage and street lighting systems, and is protected by a well equipped and efficient fire department. Oil drilling is going on within a few miles of the town and a dry gas well of 13 million cubic feet of gas per day has been located. It is expected that gas installation will be made in Dawson Creek in the near future. Construction of a new golf course, park and recreation ground in the town is proceeding.

The town is debt free, there are no delinquent taxes, and tax revenue has already been placed in reserve for new hard-surfaced sidewalks and a street improvement programme now under way. As a post war project, a complete high school, recreation and



Top - Dawson Creek in 1934 Above - A view of Dawson Creek from the same vantage point in 1944 The town more than trebled its population in the ten year period.



Main business street of Dawson Creek

civic centre is planned.

Dawson Creek is the heart of the fertile B. C. Peace River block, and the gateway to the vast undeveloped

north country. The town is the main shipping point for a richly productive farming and stock raising district that

continued next page

Dawson Creek

continued from page 33

has never known a crop failure yet. The average long term crop yield is 32 bushels of wheat and 88 bushels of oats per acre. Record crops of 80 bushels of wheat and 120 bushels of oats per acre have been harvested. Over a million bushels of grain are handled yearly by the five elevators in the town. Present production figures of hog and cattle are 35,000 head of hogs and 2500 head of cattle per year. During 1944 freight shipments from the entire Peace River Block totalled about 16 million bushels of grain of all types, 19,425 head of cattle, 213,760 head of hogs, and 5610 head of sheep.

The average rainfall in this district is 17 1-2 inches, and damage by soil drift and erosion has been prevented by scientific farming and the vigilance of the Government Agricultural Dept. The evils of rust, gophers and grasshoppers is practically unknown, and summer frosts are so rare as to be practically non-existent.

The Alaska Highway sweeps for 1600 miles northward from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks, Alaska. When the P.G.E. is extended from Quesnel to the Peace River Block it will make accessible one of the richest areas in Canada containing vast mineral wealth, large deposits of the finest quality coal, iron, copper, gold and other materials.

Geologists estimate that 3 billion tons of coal are available in the Pine Pass and Hudson Hope areas alone. This coal varies from bituminous to anthracite and has according to the following Dominion analysis been accredited to be superior to the famous Pennsylvania coal.

| | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| Moisture | 0.9 p.c. |
| Ash | 3.3 p.c. |
| Volatile matter | 18.5 p.c. |
| Fixed carbon | 77.3 p.c. |

This wealth of untouched natural resources together with unlimited water power, easy accessibility to natural gas, and the constantly recurring indications of oil throughout the country indicate the great and extensive development which will inevitably take place within the next few years.



A view of the town from the low hill to the north.



The Alcan Highway



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DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

The Peace River Bloc

by F. W. Lindsay

The potentialities of the Peace River Block in British Columbia are so great that, it is impossible to classify all of the opportunities unless one were to write a series of books upon the various subjects; hence, an article which tries to cover the whole Peace River Block will be sketchy in the extreme.

Many people have considered the Peace River to be purely a wheat-growing country, but even if this were so it would still be sufficiently attractive to appeal to the agricultural immigrants and settlers. Actually, however, the Peace River Block is an admirable mixed farming area, richly fertile, with one of the finest climates to be found in the northern areas of the province.

The menace of drifting soils which created such areas as the Oklahoma dust bowl and the deserted spaces of the prairie provinces has been almost completely removed by rotational culture. Alfalfa and sweet clover have taken

hold, becoming indigenous and they serve as a wholesome check to the threat of drift.

Naturally, the season is shorter in the Peace than it is on the coast, but the vigorous and lusty growth, and the heavy yield per acre amply compensate the settlers for their devotion to the country. Cattle thrive on the rich summer pastures and winter feeding is never a problem where ordinary care and management are observed.

"Red Bobs" is the popular variety of wheat. It matures early and gives excellent yields; while oats, barley, and forage crops all do well. There is ample precipitation, and



Northern Chrysanthemum - A jack-pine covered with hoar-frost looking very much like an overgrown 'mum'.

damage from hail, rust or vermin is so slight as to be negligible.

Common vegetables and fruits of the hardier varieties are grown very successfully, so that, altogether, the Peace River Block is an attractive area from the agricultural standpoint alone. Add to this the fact that the Peace River country is highly mineralized, that it has within the confines of its borders some of the largest coal deposits in the world; that there are extremely favourable indications of oil, a great variety of commercial ores, and countless streams flowing through rich gold-bearing gravels, and it can be easily seen that the Peace River Block is well termed "the wealthy land."

The basic industry today is agriculture, but the Peace still remains one of British Columbia's finest big game areas; and in those parts which have not yet felt the plow nor heard the chatter of the harvesting machines, fur-bearing animals are found in abundance. Naturally, with such ideal conditions, fur-farming is carried on with great success and there is no doubt



Harvest time - Yields of 60 bushels to the acre are not uncommon, and yields of 80 bu. to the acre have been recorded.

continued on page 38

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FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Peace River Bloc

continued from page 36

that this has great possibilities and offers an excellent field of opportunity.

So it can be seen that the Peace River Block of B.C. has a much wider appeal than the purely agricultural. The vast resources suggest innumerable industries. The hunting and fishing, together with the scenic grandeur of the land, make it a tourist's Utopia. The Alaska Highway should prove a potent lure to many thousands. New highway construction is closing the gap between the Peace River District and our existing highway system, throwing it open to the enormous volume of recreational travel which is so great a factor in our national and provincial economy.

Dawson Creek is the focal point and distributing centre for British Columbia's Peace River District and great interest attaches to this area. It is rail-head and the actual starting point of the Alaska Highway. It has good hotels, stores, restaurants, garages, amusement centres, schools, hospital and churches; an efficient water and sewerage system, a weekly newspaper, an active Board of Trade, and has become thoroughly established as the regional centre. Five huge grain elevators are among the important features of the town, and some 2,000 head of cattle and upwards of 25,000 hogs are shipped annually.

Pouce Coupe, on the Northern Alberta Railway, is the Administrative Centre of the District. It is the headquarters of the Government Agent, the Provincial Police, District Agriculturist, Forest Service, and Public School Inspector. This is a lively little town with a good hotel, stores, garages, restaurants, school, hospital, churches, grain elevators, and an active Board of Trade.

Fort St. John is notable, among other things, for its great airport and the vast amount of airborne traffic which it serves. The Fort is directly on the route of the Alaska Highway and is a feeder



MT. SELWYN - 7510 ft. high., 10 miles east of Finlay Forks. This mountain is well known to Canadian mining men as being the largest body of low grade gold ore in the Dominion averaging 90 cents a ton. - A railroad into the district would open it up.

point for many well-settled agricultural areas, such as Grand Haven, Ealdonnel, and Taylor. Mixed farming and stock raising are all successfully carried on in this area, and since the coming of the Alaska Highway, Fort St. John has gained substantially in both population and business turnover.

There are many more small towns in the Peace River Block, but at the risk of offending these various centres we will, nevertheless, have to bypass them in the present article, for the area as a whole is capable of such expansion that a few years hence may see any one of the towns in the Peace developed into a great northern city. Everything is there to warrant a city. There is, so engineers have estimated, enough power in the Peace River Canyon to meet the demands of a city with a million population. The coal deposits alone, with all of the by-products known and probably soon to be discovered, would support a huge industrial centre. The district is capable of supplying most of the staple food-stuffs required, and what it is incapable of producing could be supplied by air in a matter of four or five hours at the outside.

Power, coal, timber, agriculture, fur-farming. Wheat, vegetables, cattle (both beef and dairy), the Peace River Block has practically



Carbon Creek in the Hudson Hope area. It is along this creek that lie the tremendous high grade coal deposits.

everything in the world that is required to make a country self-supporting. Everything, that is, but a decent outlet; everything but a railroad through to the coast; everything but the support of some realistic statesmen and politicians

continued next Page



Getting all set to enjoy a litt'e rea' fishing near Hudson Hope. They're not so big but there are plenty of them and they rea'lly know how to fight.



The Clearwater River country 60 miles southwest of Hudson Hope - haven of big game and grand-daddy rainbows - inaccessible except by boat or trail.

who can see the possibilities and have the courage and drive to make the dreams of this northern empire come true.

Unlike the coastal regions of the province, the cost of clearing land in the Peace River Block is neither difficult nor costly. The growth for the most part is very light, with stands of spruce, willow and alder predominating. In the districts of Rose Prairie, Montney, and North Pine the land is level, the soil fertile, and good crops of flax-seed and linseed are grown. Wild berries grow in abundance, while domesticated varieties are grown

in many gardens.

In the Hudson Hope area the terrain is rugged and well timbered and this area is noted for its mineral wealth, for the exceptionally fine deposits of coal, and for the abundance of fur-bearing animals.

There is a definite possibility of oil development in the Moberley Lake area. Wild hay and peavine grow profusely in this area and the country is well adapted to mixed farming and stock raising. And so it goes, no matter what portion of the Peace River Block a person chooses to go to, he can be well



Hudson Hope Lodge - at the end of the road 60 miles west of Fort St. John.



Azouzetta Lake on the summit of Pine Pass. The new road now under construction between Prince George and Dawson Creek will wind along its shores.

assured that it will produce something, either agriculturally or industrially.

As was mentioned in the beginning, it would take several good continued on page 40

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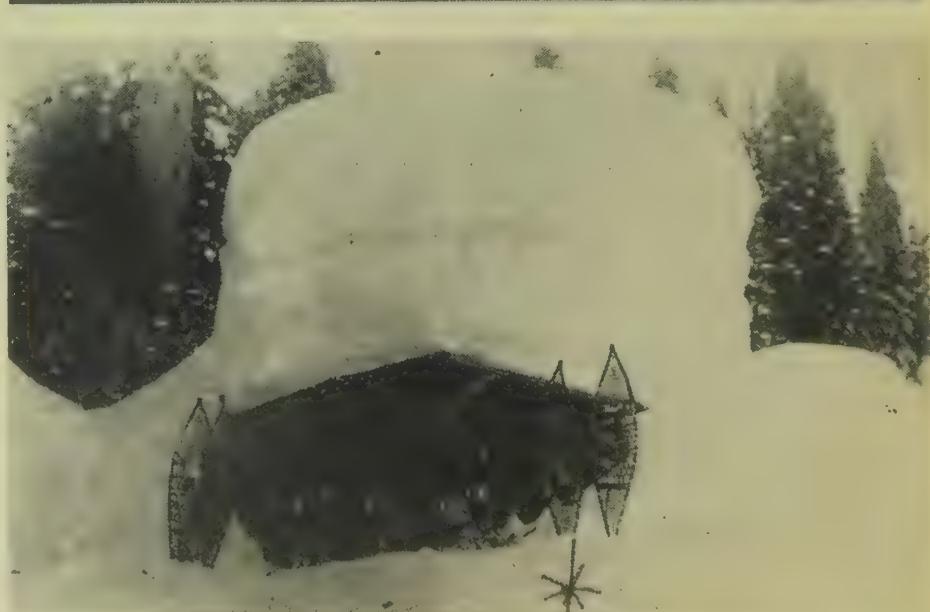


Peace River Bloc

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sized volumes to do even partial justice to the Peace River Block of B.C. Anyone wishing information about the country would be well advised to write to one or other of the various Board of Trades in the area. These are up and coming organizations. They know what

the country has to offer, they are eager to see settlers of the right kind come into the country. They have no axes to grind and are impartial to a degree. They know only one thing, that the Peace is the finest country they have ever seen, that its future, no matter how far ahead it may be, is an assured thing. If you want to know about the Peace country, ask them and find out.



TOP - View of the type of country being opened up by the Alaska Highway. There has been some feverish staking of hard-rock gold claims along the highway now that transportation is no longer a major problem. - ABOVE - Typical trappers cabin in northern B.C. Recently two World War 2 veterans arrived in Fort St. John (no doubt from just such a cabin) with furs valued at over \$5,000, result of two months work. LEFT - Northern B.C. native children like their cig's and start smoking early.

A Concise History of North Central British Columbia

That portion of British Columbia generally known as the Central Interior of the Province and comprising such a large plateau-like area between the Cascade Mountains on the west, and the main range of Rocky Mountains on the East and roughly north of Quesnel on the south and south of Fort Graham on the North, has had a long and varied history, as history of course is known in Western America.

Little or nothing was known of this vast country until well on towards the end of the 18th century and start of the 19th century, when it was penetrated by two explorers of the great fur trading companies from east of the mountains, Sir Alexander McKenzie and Simon Fraser, who in both cases, obeying instructions from their superiors pushed their way up from Slave Lake by canoe, followed up the Peace River trench to its source and, portaging their craft into Pacific waters, explored and mapped the great waterways for the purpose of course, of furthering the fortunes of the fur trading companies that they were employed by.

Fur trading posts were established at various locations, most of which are still centres of trade after almost 150 years, a tribute to the shrewdness and far sightedness of these mercantile minded explorers. Fort McLeod was established in 1805, Fort St. James in 1806, Fort Fraser the following year. About 1806 Fort George was built at the junction of the Fraser and Nechako Rivers and this is now the sight of the city of Prince George, Fort Alexander below Quesnel was established at the same time but has been abandoned.

Fort Babine on the lake of that name was also established about 1806, Fort Graham a few years later; Fort St. John on the Peace River is now a thriving town but actually lies east of the Rocky mountains and is not in the Central Interior of the Province. There were also many other outposts established at the heads of tributaries and at the points where Indian traffic was wont to congregate. The old Scotch company traders passed up no bets. The 'Company' might have rivals later on.

For more than half a century the Hudson's Bay Company held sway over this great fur empire. The Post factor was the lord of his district and had almost no contract with his superiors from year to year. Contrary to general belief, after the H. B. C. established themselves in the country, it was not the "howling wilderness" we would like to imagine. The Company and its faithful servants were far too 'thorough' for that state of affairs. Routes for fur trade, both water and trail were opened up and maintained. A form of government, suitable only for a fur trade empire imposed. Their forts, well located were well built and models of orderliness. A post trader was proud of his Company, never lost his self respect and never or rarely lost the respect of the Indian people with whom he dealt. Neither did he lose money for the Company, at least the books of the post never showed any loss although the traders private coffers may have lost weight more than once.

About 1860 gold was discovered on the upper Fraser River and its tributaries, and this discovery was followed by a great rush of gold seekers from all parts of America and beyond. The reign of the Fur Lords was coming to a close.

Fired by gold magic the prospectors spread far and wide over the Cariboo country and pressed farther and farther northward into the Cassiar, Stuart Lake, and Babine Lake into the Nation Lakes and up the Omineca and Findlay rivers. The names Cassiar and Cariboo were known wherever

met and talked of virgin gold.

The old H.B.C. Traders watched this horde of half-crazed gold seekers passing their posts still flying high on their white flag poles the red ensign as they do today and told their perplexed native friends to "bide a wee", that all this would pass and that they were to go back to their family trap-lines as usual, for the glory of the Company and their own profit.

A road was constructed by the Royal Engineers to the heart of the goldfields, Barkerville, and trails were laid out by the same force into creek valleys in which over night, log-built towns had appeared. This prosperous though hectic period reached its end after twenty years and except for a few lonely rockers on the river bars and a few wandering prospectors, the great army of gold seekers nearly disappeared from the Central Interior.

The country resumed again (in fact it never really dropped it) its age old function as a great fur and trappers empire. And so it remained until the days of Confederation, the start of the railway era for Canada. Then it was that C.P.R. survey parties directed by the great pathfinder Sir Stamford Fleming armed with rods and transits instead of rifles and traps, blazed and worked their way through its valleys and passes for a year or so. But its time was not yet. The C.P.R. left its bench marks and tumble down log caches as its only monuments in the great lone land and built through Rogers Pass far to the south and ended at Burrard Inlet where it founded the city of Vancouver on the "Skookum Chuck".

Again the old Company post man
continued next page

by W. N. 'Rusty, Campbell



History of B.C.*continued from page 41*

agers were right. Business was carried on as usual at Fort St. James and Fort Babine and Fort George. New Caledonia was meant for the fur trade and the annual fur packets were still sent to the outside as they had been for generations.

In 1905 railway survey crews once more appeared at the Posts with their rods and transits instead of rifles and traps. They blazed new lines through the valleys and made new bench marks. But the Company men and the Indians had heard of the first railway survey from their fathers and the survey was not taken very seriously at first, they were just crazy white men again.

By the middle of 1913 the Grand Trunk Pacific reached its roaring peak and settlers and pathfinders of all kinds in packs of hundreds were following in its wake. The railway (now the C.N.R.) was completed in the spring of 1914 and the whistle of progress (if you like) re-echoed along its valleys and over its bench lands. Wagon roads were pushed into isolated areas of good agricultural land and surveyors from Victoria were subdividing the land.

With the start of the first world war in the Fall of 1914 the Central Interior was well started on its development, and, as some think its destiny. Frontier conditions as real Canadian northerners at least, understood them were over forever.

Since then, though the Central Interior has had its "lean and hungry look" at stated periods it has proven itself as a great storehouse of natural resources and is the guardian no doubt, of hidden wealth never dreamed of by the old fur masters, or even by the more or less wild eyed old time placer miners scratching its bars between freeze ups.

Such is the picturesque and romantic background, in very concise form of this part of the Province. It will have more of the same kind, never fear.

* * *



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DIATOMITE

continued from page 20

6,315 tons of diatomite were used in the manufacture of fertilizer during 1944 and all of this is at present brought in from a deposit in the States near Kittitas, Wash.

Canada's total consumption of diatomite in the past year was 11,680 tons, of which she produced only 39 tons.

Prices for the material vary, according to its quality and utility. Filtration aids require calcined material and indications are that not more than 23% of this, from

the best quality deposits discovered to date in Canada, can be made into a filter which will compete with the imported product. Prices for this grade range from \$26.00 to \$75.00 per ton. For insulation purposes, prices go from \$25.00 to \$40.00 per ton, and for fertilizer grades, from \$28.00 to \$42.00 per ton. Material suitable for polish bases and sold in small lots ranges up to \$200.00 per ton, while imported insulation bricks vary from \$85.00 to \$140.00 per 1000, depending on grade and density.

As most of the Canadian deposits are small and the diatomite unsuitable as a filter aid, the future

for Canadian production would seem to be dependent upon the results of the tests now being made of material from the Quesnel deposits. No other known deposit in Canada contains the type of diatomite which meets the specifications calling for uncalcined material.

With the expected increase in production of ammonium nitrate fertilizer for use in Europe, a favorable report on these tests by the British Columbia Department of Mines and the B.C. Industrial and Scientific Research Council should put Quesnel in the way of a brand new industry.

Looking Back

continued from page 15

City Chief was accompanied by Staff Sergt. R. McLeod of the R.C.M.P., he was threatened also.

The next time I saw McKinlay it was under different circumstances. In 1930, when I was stationed at Alert Bay, one cold January night I received word that some people were shipwrecked near Cape Caution at the mouth of Queen Charlotte Sound. I chartered a seine boat and started up Johnson Straits within an hour. It was so rough that we had to put in to Hardy Bay to wait for the storm to abate. About five o'clock the next morning we took a chance and headed out. Bucking heavy seas and a howling gale, we finally made Cape Caution, where on a small island we spotted two men waving frantically. We managed to launch a boat and with difficulty took them off. One of them was Roy McKinlay. As he clambered over the gunwale of the seine boat, he exclaimed with great thankfulness: "It's the first time in my life I was ever glad to see a G--D Policeman!" McKinlay and his partner had nothing but a little flour to eat and had been on the island two days. A half mile of water separated the island from the mainland, where on the beach were two women. They had some bedding but nothing to eat. McKinlay

and his friend and their wives had started out from Vancouver in a small gas boat, headed for Alice Arm. Overtaken by bad weather they had put in for shelter and their launch had foundered and sunk, leaving them tossing in a small dinghy. They managed to reach the island, and then decided to try to make the mainland. After taking the women and the bedding to the beach, the two men returned to the island for the provisions. While they were getting them the boat drifted away. All the way to Hardy Bay they ate bacon and eggs as fast as the cook fried them. I left the party with "Irish Nell" Lamont at Port Hardy, from where they later caught a Union boat for Alice Arm.

The last time I was in Quesnel I was looking at the Cenotaph and recalled attending the unveiling on Sunday, September 24, 1922, when we who stood in silent ranks before it prayed that there might never be the necessity for such an occasion again. Alas! it was a vain hope.

The winter weather we are having at the present time reminds me of a patrol I made on horseback in the winter of 1922. Leaving Quesnel on the 4th of December, I proceeded (why do policemen always say "proceeded" instead of "went"?) down the Cariboo Road to Soda Creek, across the river and down to Meldrum Creek. Turning around there, I came back to

Alexandria and over the hills to Beaver Lake. I remember, on this I stopped one night at Dan Doran's at Beaver Creek, where in spite of cramped quarters I was made comfortable. I returned to Quesnel by way of the Quesnel River Road, reaching home on the 20th. It was a cold trip all the way, and I remember the night I stopped at Meldrum Creek it was 26 below at five o'clock.

On Christmas Day, Breckon and I were "at home" in our little cubby-hole in the basement. One of our visitors was the Rev. Father Maillard of St. Joseph's Mission, who looked in and had a hot rum with us.

It was a time-honoured custom in Quesnel on New Year's Day for the young men of the village to make calls. They started all together, headed by a band composed of musicians such as Reg Boothe and Doug Fraser. At different homes the refreshments were generous and varied, and one by one the callers dropped out (and when I say "dropped out," I mean just that!) and the hardy survivors finished the rounds behind the big drum, which was all of the band left.

In the spring of 1923, March 28th, I think, Cowan's Hardware burned down. Roy Eden rigged up a Forestry pump on the river with the intake through a hole in the ice. We managed to save the Bank

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Placer Mining in the Barkerville District

By R. Mac. D. Reed

Placer mining as well as rock mining is still going right ahead in the Barkerville district. The best known and at present the largest is the Louhee property, situated three miles below Cow Mountain. This mine has produced over five million dollars since they took over from the old methods of mining.

The McDougal-Ketch Co. of Wells has been operating for the past several years and pays good dividends to its shareholders. This company has a large amount of ground still to be worked.

Wing Lee, a Chinese hydraulic outfit, still finds their Barkerville ground good digging, though actual values taken from this property are not known by the writer.

Whiskey Flats on Antler Creek, where fortunes were made in the old days, is still being worked by small outfits, which seem to be paying well. All along the creek where there is available water the ground is being worked still by pick and shovel methods and hundreds of individuals make good wages each year and can do so for

years to come.

The Antler Creek Syndicate, newly formed, has taken up one of the largest of the properties on Antler Creek, six miles from Barkerville. Although oldtimers had taken large amounts of gold from it, companies formed to operate it commercially were never able to obtain sufficient water. However, new methods and materials of the present day will now be used to get water to this excellent property. The deep ground on this property will average better than fifty cents per cubic yard for an average of one thousand feet wide by two to three miles up stream. The geology of this ground is very interesting. Several channels came into this one locality. Immense runs of water from numerous different directions had met and formed whirlpools, some of which show a width of three thousand to four thousand feet wide. All the gravels laid down carry from fifteen cents to one dollar per yard, and a test made from cleaning bed rock by D. Fraser, mining engineer of Quesnel, went four dollars per

square yard. The present syndicate plans to enlarge the ditch, rebuild the dam, and put in one and a half miles of siphon to assure sufficient water to operate twenty-four hours per day. There is plenty of water each season, but the present ditch will not carry it. Larger pipe is to be used from the dam to the site of the operation. This property could be put into the big producer class.

French Creek was operated for a short time but, although the ground was good, insufficient water closed the property. In the opinion of the writer, the operators misjudged the extent of their pay ground.

In the gulch above Barkerville millions have been taken out, even since the oldtimers left.

The surface of this country has only been scratched and if the right kind of men, with proper equipment, will come in, it will produce more gold and more dollars than ever it did before. Mining operators are what it needs, not hijackers, and once more gold will roll from "them thar hills."

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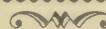
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Looking Back

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of Commerce building. In the general excitement a couple of boys dragged the safe out on the street, with the rest of the furniture. When the fire was out it took George Johnston with a team of horses and about ten helpers to get it back.

One Sunday morning about that time someone told us that a moose was stuck in a barbed wire fence at Leonard's Ranch. Chief Greenwood and I went out and found the animal lying with a broken leg, tangled in the wire. I shot it. When people ask me if I ever shot a moose, I reply casually, "Oh, yes! Not lately, but when I was in Quesnel I shot a lot of moose." Well, anyway, it was a big animal.

December 2nd, 1923, I got a phone call from Blackwater that a trapper named Sven Hanson had cut himself on the wrist with an axe and had to be brought to hospital. At that time the river was already pretty thick with ice and the ferry was just making it. I drove to Blackwater, where I found Hanson in a bad way. He had injured himself while out on his trapline several days before and infection had set in. It was long after dark when we reached West Quesnel, where I found Marvin Baker waiting with one eye on the river and the other on the road. We managed to make the crossing all right but it was the last trip the ferry made that year, as the river froze tight that night.

No account of those days would be complete without a reference to the Rev. Mr. Lack of the Anglican Church, his henchman Freddy, whom he called Friday, and the broken-down model T Ford. Mr. Lack was a large expansive man in every sense of the word, and he entered heartily into all the village activities. Some may recall the variety show put on by the young people in which top billing was given to a chorus of local girls singing "Sleepy Time Girl." The show was just about stolen by Mr. Lack,

attired in a weird costume, presenting, "I Have a Little Cat, But I'm Very Tired of That, and I'd Like to Have a Bow-wow-wow!" One first of November I borrowed Ewing's truck and was driving up the street when Mr. Lack hailed me for a lift. I stopped in front of the Cariboo Hotel and asked him if he would give me a hand with a job I had to do. I indicated the May Day stand. On it stood the privvy of Jack Keenan, the school principal, surmounted by the business sign of the "Cariboo Observer." Mr. Lack took one look, and I was left without help.

The Liquor Store was robbed while I was at Quesnel. Entry had been gained through a back window and a number of bottles of liquor and some other things were stolen, including a fine silver fox pelt that Jimmy Donnelly had hanging on a set of horns behind the counter. A suspect was arrested, and later confessed to taking four bottles, but nothing else. He was a returned man and Judge Calder took a lenient view of the case and sentenced him to thirty days on the woodpile. Some months later a dog was noticed worrying something on the street. When a man went to see what it was, he was surprised to find the dog had what was left of a silver fox skin.

In the first Great War, when I was in the 72nd Battalion, our Medical Officer was Dr. Wilson Herald, an eye, ear and nose specialist, who was well known in the Cariboo. At the time I was stationed at Quesnel he used to make periodical trips through the country doing operations at hospitals along the way. One night I met him at the Cariboo Hotel and he enquired if there were any new nurses at the hospital. I replied that one had come in on the train the night before to take the place of Miss Georgie Smith, R.N., recently persuaded by one of our prominent citizens to give up nursing. The Doc suggested we go up and meet her. On arriving at the hospital he discovered she had come from Vernon, where he had known her on the staff of the hos-

pital there. He introduced me to her, and during the winter that followed she made many cups of coffee at the hospital for me, and she is still making coffee for me. I have often felt I would have liked to tell Dr. Herald what he let me in for, but he passed away before I had an opportunity to do so.

I could rave on at much greater length regarding incidents that happened and people I came in contact with during my sojourn in Quesnel, but perhaps it is just as well if I stop right now. In October, 1924, I was transferred to Prince George, and relieved by Constable Harry Clarke, who in the meantime had married Miss Norah Weetman, R.N., of Williams Lake. After Harry's death she went back to nursing, and I saw her last year at McBride, where she was on the staff of the Red Cross Hospital there.

In the last twenty-three years in the Police I have been stationed in many different places in British Columbia, but in looking back over that time my happiest recollections are those of Quesnel and the friendships formed there.



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Wolves and Coyotes . . .

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extremely timid, offer no militant defense either for the old or the young. Perhaps next in line is the deer. However, their habits give them a little more protection than the other two types of wild game. They seldom congregate in large herds, they find the most protective cover available when lying down, and their vigilance, acute hearing and keen scent make it difficult for a hostile enemy to make an approach without detection. Make no mistake, however. They will go as will also the moose, the Wapiti (Elk) and the mountain goat.

The most vulnerable to attack is the young of all these types of wild life. Against the slaughter of the young there is no counter force in Nature's economy. If predators are present in great number as is the case at the present time in the entire area under discussion, the young will suffer. In the end this means the extermination of the species. As stated above the first to go will be the species to offer the weakest defense and that at the moment is various species of Bighorn sheep.

Here is the evidence, all gathered first hand. I will take Alaska first.

During 30 days in McKinley Park I covered on foot and horseback most of the best sheep country. Making a fair allowance for duplication, I saw from 100 to 110 sheep. There were between 90 and 100 ewes. My trip was made in July long after the lambing season and I saw not to exceed 15 lambs. Twenty years ago official estimates placed the number of sheep in the Park at 13,000 to 15,000. Today Park rangers and the superintendent estimate the number at less than 1,000. In fact, Superintendent Grant Pearson who has been employed in the Park in one capacity or another for many years places the number at not over 500. In conversation with one of the first

batch of Park rangers I was told that he had personally seen and counted thousands of sheep in the area I covered. It was a common thing, he said, to see 200 to 300 in a single flock. The most we saw in any flock was 19. In the area where large flocks were common twenty years ago we saw two flocks, one with 14 and one with four.

During my stay I saw six wolves and fresh tracks were everywhere. I saw the partly devoured carcasses of two sheep that had been pulled down and they showed no indication of disease. (Both carcasses disappeared the night after we saw them.) Time and again during late afternoon, the feeding time for sheep, I saw them driven into the high crags and peaks, widely scattered.

Twelve days in the Wood River country was no less discouraging. Up to now the area has been considered one of the finest sheep pastures in Alaska. Of the extent and productivity of the pastures there can be no doubt. There are tens of thousands of acres of excellent pasture, miles of cliff-studded ridges for protection, water and green grass in the high basins, even in the driest summers. Jack O'Connor, now executive head of the Alaska Game Commission, told me that some years ago he personally counted over 12,000 sheep on a single trip. With my guide, Carl Anderson, I covered much of the area on horseback and saw much more through my glasses. Making proper allowance for duplication, we saw in the entire Healy-Wood River area between 130 and 140 sheep all told. There were between 110 and 120 ewes with less than 20 lambs. A nationally known guide who made the area some six or eight years ago told me that he saw thousands of sheep with many bands running into the hundreds.



Here, as in the Park, we saw a number of wolves, and everywhere we went we saw fresh sign.

On a 13-day trip into the Kenai I saw a very few sheep. While I cannot speak from personal knowledge, Andy Simons, well-known Alaska guide, who has worked the area for many years, stated that the sheep population has grown less and less until now there is but a fraction of the number that were to be seen there in former years. I saw no lambs in the bands seen from the plane. However, there could have been some, as the speed of the plane made it difficult to make sure. It is said that there are no wolves on the Kenai. However this may be, I do know there are plenty of coyotes. We heard them day and night in the area around our camp on Harvey Lake.

I talked with guides, trappers, and prospectors from a number of other areas formerly well stocked with sheep. They all told the same story. In recent years wolves and coyotes have increased by leaps and bounds, and at the same time there has been an alarming decrease in the sheep population. Most ominous fact is the enormous decrease of lambs in proportion to ewes.

Take Western Canada:

Last year I travelled over 500 miles afoot and on horseback in the Cassiar, an area comprising the northwest corner of British Columbia and the southwest corner of Yukon Territory. The entire area is a natural for mountain sheep and the types found there are the Stone and the Fannin. I went after a trophy of one or both of these species and, assisted by a capable and experienced guide, I left no stone unturned to find one. We visited some of the best sheep country in Western Canada. We hunted hard, much of the time from daylight till dark. Every likely area was gone over as with a fine tooth comb. During 35 days in the saddle we saw just seven sheep—five ewes and two young rams.

Two of the areas hunted had been rated as exceptionally good

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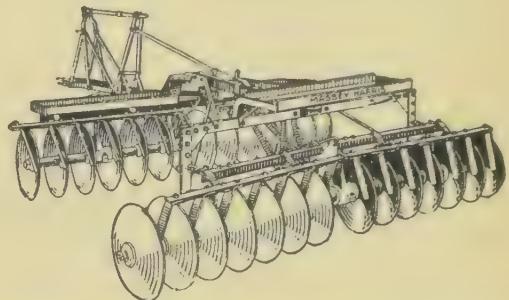
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Wolves and Coyotes . . .

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prior to the start of World War II. My guide had covered the areas with a hunting party in 1938 and he stated that sheep were plentiful in both at that time. He asserted emphatically before we started that sheep were so plentiful that I could take my pick and choice. He was especially enthusiastic about the northern area, Faraway Mountain, Mahte-e-na in Indian. On his former trip he saw many flocks, several hundred sheep in all. In contrast we saw seven, as stated above, and we hunted the entire area with meticulous care. In the other formerly well-stocked area we found not a single sheep.

We saw a number of wolves, and, as is the case in Alaska, fresh wolf sign was everywhere. During four nights we camped on Level Mountain, wolf packs came out and howled, a demoniac refrain, sometimes on the crest just above camp. During the day their skulking forms were common sights. Level Mountain is a favorite caribou pasture.

On a brief trip into the Stikine Mountains west of the south fork of the Stikine River, similar conditions were encountered. I had covered the area in 1940 and at that time we spotted sheep on every ridge visited. Last year the only sheep seen were six or eight on one ridge. Here again, wolf sign was abundant. In 1940 I saw no coyotes, though there were doubtless some coyotes in the area. Last year they were thick. I saw four one afternoon in a 30-acre meadow.

In 1943 I spent two weeks in the Canadian Rockies near the border between Alberta and British Columbia. The area was formerly rated as good sheep country. I saw just two sheep, although I hunted faithfully. An area always considered choice prior to the start of the war was as sheepless as Broadway. Another hunter who went into an adjacent area came out as I did—empty handed. I

saw no wolves, but the area was literally swarming with coyotes.

I have hunted the Chilcotin, Tweedsmuir Park, the Quesnel Lake area, the McBride country, and the Okanagan-Kettle River area. In most of these areas coyotes are "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa" and are on the increase. In each area, on the testimony of every resident questioned, the game is becoming scarcer each year.

Some years ago the nature of my company's business called for a casual survey of the British Columbia coast and adjacent islands. After some months in the field our men returned with glowing accounts of the abundance of deer on the islands. Recently I made a leisurely cruise as far north as Bella Coola. En route we anchored each night at the dock of one of the numerous supply stations that dot the islands and serve the fishermen. Because of the report of the abundance of deer brought out by our representative on his previous trip we were naturally curious. Inquiry brought to light a startling condition. In recent years wolves have invaded the islands and cleaned up on the deer! Without exception this was the story the supply station told us.

In an interesting hunting story that appeared in the July, 1945, issue of Game Trails, Mr. H. R. Davidson makes the following significant statement, which coincides with what I found on the islands farther north: "On Vancouver Island . . . the wolf is rapidly increasing and many have been seen during the last year in parts where they have never been known to exist before."

A writer in another issue of the same magazine states that during periods of heavy snow last winter wolf packs would chase moose until

the latter were exhausted, then close in for the kill. The most amazing story appeared in the June issue. It stated that, "a starving wolf pack is terrorizing Digby Island, three miles from Prince Rupert." Because of the danger children were not allowed in the woods, only men armed with rifles venturing forth. Fourteen dogs had been killed (sick, I suppose), and others were missing. If a band of wolves can get away with dogs and moose, what chance has sheep, goat, deer and caribou?

While caribou have no doubt suffered in equal proportion with sheep, it is not so noticeable because of the vast bands that formerly roamed the waste lands of Alaska and Western Canada. While in McKinley Park I saw a great many caribou, but Superintendent Pearson and the Park rangers were as one in their agreement that the numbers were less than last year and that there has been a marked decline every year for the past several years.

On the recommendation of the former executive head of the Alaska Game Commission, Frank Dufresne, and of Jack O'Connor, present executive, I had planned to go to Twelve-Mile and Eagle Summits on the Steese Highway between Fairbanks and Circle City to photograph the September migration of the caribou from their summer range north of the Yukon to their winter feeding grounds on the slopes of the Alaska Range. I did not go because I was told by many eye-witnesses that the migration had started in June for some unknown reason and that the bands were small. About the middle of September I was advised by Ray Woolford, wild-life agent at Fairbanks, that the migration had dwindled to a trickle and that the total number that had passed through during the season was pitifully small as compared with former years.

As was the case with sheep, only a small fraction of the caribou cows seen in the Park had calves. As every observer of wild life knows,

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Wolves and Coyotes . . .

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there are remarkably few barren females among wild game in their native habitat. The only logical conclusion is that the offspring has been destroyed, either by predators or disease. As no serious epidemic has been reported in recent years, the obvious answer is predators. This is abundantly borne out by what has happened to the reindeer since military conscription took away their guards.

Government statistics issued in late 1943 gave the numbers in 1940 at an estimated 180,000. At the close of 1943 the number had dwindled to 70,000. It was stated categorically that the decrease was solely due to inroads of predators, mainly wolves. I talked with officials and private citizens who had been through the north country this year, 1945, and who had had an opportunity to study the situation at first hand. Every party interviewed was emphatic in his belief that the total reindeer population today is less than half what it was in 1943. One competent observer estimated the total at less than 20,000, and was so positive in his conviction that he offered to wager money on it. There was one and the same reason assigned by each and every observer for this alarming decrease,—slaughter by an enormously augmented wolf population.

The conclusions are inescapable. In the absence of more effective protection, North American Big-horn sheep face extermination. This is emphatically true of the Dall, the Stone and the Fannin. Indeed it may be too late to save these three species. Certain it is, immediate and drastic action must be taken in both Alaska and Western Canada if they are to be saved.

While the reindeer is a domestic problem, the responsibility of the Indian Service, it points up and emphasizes what is happening to the caribou. Much alike in their habits and in their choice of

habitat, the caribou is the same reindeer, and in the absence of easy mark for predators as is the adequate protective measures his ultimate extinction is no less certain.

As soon as the decline in the numbers of these "easy marks" offers inadequate food for wolf and coyote, they will turn to other species,—moose, wapiti, deer, goat, and domestic animals. In fact, there is clear and unmistakable evidence that the process has already started. Make no mistake, the young of each of these species will fall easy prey to both wolf and coyote, and either wolf or coyote can pull down mature goats and deer. In packs the wolf can also pull down moose, caribou and wapiti. When other food becomes scarce they will do just that.

No amount of vaporings by balance-of-nature cranks or any other of the numberless types of biologic dreamers can alter this indisputable and ominous fact:

In the entire area under discussion wolves and coyotes are on the increase and wild game is on the decrease.

Solution of the problem rests, of course, with the authorities in the areas affected. Abundant wild game is a valuable asset for Western Canada and Alaska, and if preserved it will offer a permanent and no mean source of income. It is especially important to Alaska and British Columbia. Both have vast areas only fit for wild game and fur bearers. Both have now, or at least have had ample foundation herds. The only thing lacking is protection.

The varieties and the numbers of wild game in these areas offer the sole attraction for hunters. Indeed these are the major attractions that lure tourists into these primitive areas. Even the incurable urbanite gets a great thrill out of the sight of any species of wild game. The income from these sources to Alaska and the Provinces of Western Canada will run into millions annually. The next few years will see this revenue in-

crease enormously. It can be made permanent only by the conservation and perpetuation of the abundant wild life in these areas.

The answer? There is but one, destroy the predators. To achieve the maximum results the campaign, as I see it, **must be a co-operative** or at least a co-ordinated effort among the Canadian Provinces,—Alberta, British Columbia, and Yukon Territory,—and Alaska. Biologically the area is "one world." An effective and aggressive campaign in each will lighten the burden on the others. If one of the political divisions puts on a campaign and its neighbor does not, both will suffer. Driven out of one area, the predators will take refuge in the neighboring area where there is no aggressive campaign. On the other hand, the non-fighting area will serve as a breeding ground from which predators will perpetually spill over into the area waging the campaign.

To be effective, here, in my humble opinion, are some of the steps that must be taken:

1. Reverse the policy of making the National Parks the breeding grounds for predators. Certainly no one in his right mind gives credence to the balance-of-nature heresy. The campaign of extermination must apply in the Parks the same as in other areas.

2. Increase the bounty to a figure that will offer an incentive to trapper, prospector, miner and rancher to put forth a real effort in his neighborhood. The bounty should be uniform throughout the area.

3. Legalize the use of poison by wild life agents, special hunters, game wardens, trappers and others under the direction of wardens and special hunters. It would no doubt be advisable to institute some practical means of instructing all those authorized to use it so as to insure its proper, safe and effective handling. I am advised that there are now poisons available that, if properly handled, are death on wolves and coyotes but harmless

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Wolves and Coyotes . . .

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to almost every other type of wild life. Certainly when the preservation of the last big game herds of North America is at stake one cannot be too squeamish about method. There is infinite pleasure for unborn millions and there is fabulous revenue in perpetuity in their preservation.

In any event, sooner or later the battle must be fought. Failure to utterly destroy or at least bring in bounds these predators now will mean the ultimate destruction of wild game. Following this catastrophic outcome, sheer primitive

necessity will drive the hordes to attack domestic stock. Then the campaign will have to be waged without the incentive of the preservation of our present rich heritage of wild game.

These disclosures are not the vaporings of an alarmist. They are facts dug up and verified by years of study and investigation. It is no idle dream. Big game in the vast primitive areas of Western Canada and Alaska are on the way out. Don't think it can't happen. It happened in the United States, whose game population was just as prolific as in Canada and Alaska. The balance-of-nature theorists will tell you that loss of feeding grounds was the major factor here. On the

contrary, by far the most decisive factor was lack of control of both hunter and predator. That is proven by the fact that with proper protection many of the species are staging a come-back.

I. P. CALLISON.
Union, Washington,



Tourist (to small boy standing at crossroads): "Where does the left-hand road lead to, sonny?"

Small Boy: "I dunno, mister. I never been there."

Tourist: "Well, where does the right-hand road lead to?"

Small Boy: "I dunno. I never been there, either."

Tourist, angrily: "You don't know

much, do you, boy?"

Small Boy, meekly: "No mister, I don't know much, but I ain't lost!"

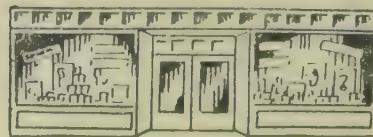
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BEFORE



AFTER

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The following list of guides is published for the benefit of those of our "out of Cariboo" subscribers who may be contemplating a hunting or fishing trip, and who would like to contact reliable guides and make reservations in advance. The list was compiled in co-operation with the Game Department and includes only the names of "active" guides of proven ability.

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| R. L. Marsh | Quesnel, B.C. |
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| A. H. Park | Bridge Lake, B.C. |
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MEMOIRS OF A RAMBLER

continued from page 22

"We'll bumma ride," he said as I was paying for breakfast. "We'll bumma ride to the end of the road. Then we wait 'till dark an' then we hit the trail."

"Why wait until dark?" I asked stupidly.

"On account we don't want no busybody seein' us go to our crik see. On account if anybody, anybody," and how he savoured that word, "sees us going to the crik they will stampede an' we will be staked out."

"Ah!" I exclaimed with visions of myself being staked out running through my mind; "ah, we don't want to become staked out do we?"

"Can't take a chancet," replied my partner, "there's Jim, he may be goin' out today. Hey, Jim!"

The meeting between Jim and my partner, whose name I had neglected to find out, was a touching sight. Jim backed away from my partner like a halter-shy horse and my partner tried to throw his arms around Jim in the manner Francaise.

"This here's m' new partner," he told Jim, jerking his thumb towards me. "We're goin' up t' the Forks. How's chances for a lift?"

Jim nodded and said "fine."

So I loaded the food in the back of a half-ton truck and we bumped out of town with it towards our tertiary channel and a million dollars in gold.

After much jouncing over a well-beaten cow trail, we arrived at the Forks. What was left of me after the ride unlimbered from the truck. My partner unloaded from the front seat of the truck. I looked about me and as far as I could ascertain we were practically nowhere. There was, it is true, a farm of sorts, with a tired-looking building sporting the sign of Post Office, but barring this there was nothing. "This is the Forks," Jim told me.

"Is it?" I said in surprise.

"Jonas knows the Forks well,"

Jim told me. "You goin' prospectin' with Jonas?"

My partner, who I discovered was Jonas, admitted that we were going prospecting.

"Jonas always brings a new partner with him in the spring," Jim told me conversationally, "Don't you Jonas?"

"Hu huh," coughed Jonas.

"Always lookin' for tershury Jonas is," continued Jim. "Some day he'll find a tershury channel, maybe this year. Y' never know yer luck, do you, Jonas?"

Jonas admitted that he never knew his luck and winked at me. We had a wonderful secret did Jonas and I. A wonderful secret, indeed.

Darkness fell and with darkness an amazing amount of rain. It spattered 'off the trees and trickled down my neck. I huddled beneath a tree and wondered mightily about Jonas. For Jonas was asleep and snoring on the other side of the tree. Suddenly he snorted and stood up.

"Might as well hit the 'trail," he said. "No one can see us now. We might as well go."

Since our supplies were in sacks and boxes, I looked around for some form of conveyance, although what I expected to see I do not know.

"What will we do with the grub?" I asked.

"I allus cache m' grub," Jonas whispered hoarsely, "Y' never can tell."

Apparently Jonas always cached his grub in the same spot. After much struggling through wet under-brush we arrived at a particularly tall, particularly wet and dripping spruce tree.

"This is where I cache m' grub," Jonas told me. "I gotta line anna pulley rigged onto this tree. I pull her up to the top and tie m' riggin' down."

He fussed around in the dark and suddenly a square tin box descended from the top of the tree with an unearthly clatter. Into this box

we piled an assortment of foodstuffs and together we pulled away on the wire rope which was attached to the box. It disappeared into the tree top from whence it had so miraculously appeared.

"You pack the rest of the grub and follow me," Jonas told me after we had fastened the line securely around the tree trunk. "We gotta our tracks from here on in. Y' never can tell."

With Jonas leading the way as silently as a bull moose, and I carrying forty or fifty pounds of assorted victuals in a pack sack made from a gunny-sack with two shoulder straps made of rope, we wandered off into the great (to me at least) unknown.

Over windfalls I fell and into stumps, trees and rocks I bumped. On and on and on. Each time I fell my home-made pack-sack bumped me on the head. Each time I hit a tree I said nasty words. Every time I made a noise Jonas stopped and called back.

"Shhhh, dang it, y' never can tell."

After countless miserable miles of nothing but knocks and bruises and rain, we suddenly broke into a clearing. In the clearing was a cabin, which, by the light of a thin, watery moon that had penetrated the clouds, appeared to be very, very dilapidated. Jonas headed for the cabin and pushed the door open. The door being unused to such treatment fell inwards with a despairing creak and bang. A pack rat squeaked and scuttled past us, followed by a procession of animal life the like of which has not been since the loading of the Ark.

"Home," said Jonas with a triumphant ring in his voice. "Dad gummitt, we're home."

He fumbled around and lighted a candle which he fastened onto a rickety table that was covered with the remnants of a meal among other things.

"You kin bunk there," he said, and pointed towards a mess of ancient brush upon the floor. "Me,

continued on page 60

Let's Get Together At

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Dweller of the Burrows

continued from page 9

the afternoon. It is very interesting to watch them dig a new burrow. With their powerful front paws, which are armed with claws about two inches long, they plunge into the ground at great speed, the hind feet used to throw the loose dirt backward. This is done with a steady stream of dirt flying back as far as six feet from the burrow.

These interesting animals not only feed on ground squirrels but eat beetles, grasshoppers, snails and worms, while wild bees and wasps are a special dainty; and to whose vain stings their long dense hair and thick hide offer an impenetrable shield.

When migrating to new ground these animals have the habit of following railway tracks or roads until they find colonies of ground-hogs or ground squirrels, where they may stay until the last animal of this rodent family is destroyed.

Some time during October the badger dens up until late April. The young are born early in the spring. Two or four is the usual litter. The parents prepare a special den for this purpose.

After the young have reached the age of about five weeks they begin to roam with both parents in search of food. During this time it may be very dangerous to approach the badger family too closely as both parents might attack while protecting their youngsters. One of my terriers had a very disastrous experience on one of these occasions and after having taken the worst beating in his life he now has much respect for badgers. These curious animals are doing a great deal of good where gophers are numerous; but, on the other hand, in a farming country they may cause considerable damage to property by the multitude of burrows they dig while in search of small rodents for food.

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Memoirs of a Rambler

continued from page 58

I'm gonna see if anybody is out stakin' m' ground."

One look at the "bunk decided me. Tired as I was, I spoke up bravely, albeit a trifle wearily.

"I'll go with you," I said.

"Fine," agreed Jonas, "fine. Two is better as one. You never can tell."

I placed my sack full of food on the table and it, with a bang and a clatter, collapsed, creating a cloud of dust.

"This seems to be rather an ancient cabin," I remarked.

"The oldtimers built it," Jonas replied. "The oldtimers was powerful smart. They knowed where to look for gold."

"Mebbe they got all of the gold out of this country," I suggested hopefully"; perhaps they cleaned out this whatyoucall'em channel."

"Ha!" snorted Jonas. "They looked an' looked for this here tershury channel, but couldn't find it. They didn't have the savvy like I have. We'd better hang the grub from the rafters."

After much struggling on my part and a great deal of advice from Jonas I managed to get the sack suspended from the least rotten of the roof supports. Then, following the intrrepid Jonas, I started upon my career of placer mining.

The moon had long since given up the struggle and the rain poured down in an unending stream. Each tree held many gallons of water in suspense and, since I managed to bump into every tree in the forest, it was not long until I resembled an overloaded blotter.

Finally Jonas stopped beside a turbulent young river. He yelled at me but I could not understand him. He placed his mouth as close to my ear as he could without actually biting off that appendage.

"Axe!" he yelled. "Did ya bring the dad-gummed axe?"

"No," I yelled back, "I didn't know you wanted the axe!"

"Howinell we gonna stake a claim without no axe?" he shrieked.

"I don't know," I screamed back, "I never staked anything."

"You go back an' getta axe," roared my partner, "I'll wait on you."

I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that the glamour attached to placer mining and especially that part of placer mining related to the cleaning up of millions from a tertiary channel was highly overrated.

"I don't think I can find my way back," I shouted. "I doubt if you could find your way back. It is blacker than a nigger's heel."

"M a bushman," roared Jonas, "I lives close to nature. Me—I never been lost. Me—I kin land from a parachute in the middle of the Arctic ocean and never get lost. You go and getta axe an' I'll wait here. You never kin tell."

There was no use in my arguing further about the matter. Consigning my mortal remains to whatever gods look after greenhorns in the wilds of the Cariboo, I left Jonas beside the stream and headed blindly into the forest. It was pitch black and I was tired and, to my tired mind, stumps and trees and rocks assumed outlandish shapes and sizes and it seemed as though one or two of them detached themselves from their fellows and followed me.

I did manage to arrive at a clearing, but it was not the clearing that had the shack in it. It had instead a deep swamp in the centre, into which I promptly plunged. I sank to midway between my waist and neck. I struggled mightily and succeeded in sinking a bit deeper. I thrashed about and managed to grasp a piece of submerged log upon the side of the marsh and after a few moments of wrestling, pulled myself onto dry land.

The darkness of night was giving away to the ghostly gray of dawn by the time I had disengaged numerous bits of weed and grass from my eyes and hair. I then discovered that my hat, which I had

thought was still upon my head, was floating on the surface of a small stream that miraculously kept its identity even in the midst of the swamp.

I did not particularly value the hat, which was rather tattered at the time I acquired it, but in the hatband were three gaudy coloured fles that I valued highly. So I loped in the general direction my hat was travelling, but due to the marshy nature of the ground and the speed of the stream which was carrying my hat away, I soon lost sight of it.

I reasoned that the marsh couldn't last forever and that the stream would eventually spill itself into a larger stream, and that, if I didn't die from exposure or starvation, I would come to a road, the Fraser River, or possibly the Pacific Ocean. I further reasoned that if Mackenzie and McTavish and all of the other doughty Macs who have brightened the otherwise dull pages of Canadian history could live in the bush, I could too.

The small stream left the marsh by way of a narrow draw and spilled into a larger creek. I followed as best I could and arrived at the large creek in time to meet Jonas holding my hat and gazing piously at the sky. For some reason the sight of Jonas appearing morose and mournful delighted me. I slipped into the bush and watched him.

Jonas's next act enraged me. The thieving rascal, after looking in all directions, took the fly hooks from his hat band and stuck them in his own, and not satisfied with this act of skullduggery, the inhuman monster therew my hat back into the creek.

"Hey," I yelled, "that was my hat."

Jonas didn't hear me, so I scrambled out of the bush and over the rocks of the creek towards him.

"My hat," I yelled as I approached him, "you threw my doggone hat in the doggone water, doggone it."

"I th'ut you wus drowned," he continued on page 62

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ON THE CARIBOO HIGHWAY

Boston Bar, B.C.

Why Delay?

continued from page 10

Canada, this hustling committee hopes to have the stage set for the immediate opening of the Alaska Highway—first to such private enterprises as will be necessary to sustain tourists, and later to the tourists themselves. Since the Highway is unique in that it traverses almost 1,600 miles of absolute wilderness, it is obvious that adequate tourist facilities must first be established before it is thrown open to the public. Such facilities as exist at present are government operated for the exclusive use of maintenance crews.

The committee is now busy contacting auto clubs, newspapers, Chambers of Commerce at strategic locations, and political and other organizations throughout Canada and U.S., with a view to having them back up the committee, so that public sentiment, if nothing else, will compel the early opening of the Highway to the public; this, the committee opines, will afford Canadians and Americans the two-fold opportunity of seeing how some 135,000,000 dollars of their money was spent in defence of the Continent, and of travelling on an excellent all-weather highway through the very core of a great frontier, perhaps the last really great frontier that civilization will know—a land unsurpassed in its vastness, its potential wealth, its breath-taking grandeur, its legends and its romance.

The postal clerk weighed MacIntosh's letter.

"It's too heavy," she said. "You'll have to put another stamp on it."

"What?" said MacIntosh. "and make it even heavier?"

* * *

"Son, who is this wild woman you are running around with?"

"Aw, Dad, she ain't wild. Anybody can pet her."

* * *

"I tell you, officer, all I've been doing all day is running around trying to get something for my wife."

"Well, have you had any offer?"

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ASHCROFT, B.C.

Gateway to the Cariboo

Memoirs of a Rambler*continued from page 60*

yelled above the roar of the stream. "I waited 'n waited for you to bring the dad-gummed axe, then I see yer dad-gummed hat a-floatin' down the crik, but you wasn't in it. So I figgered you was drowned."

"I got lost," I said. "I fell into a swamp and my hat floated away."

"Ah," said Jonas wisely, "you fell inta a swamp huh?"

"Yes," I agreed vehemently, "I got lost in the dark and fell into a swamp and my hat floated away and you snatched my flies."

"We is partners ain't we?" asked Jonas.

"I, I suppose so," I agreed lamely, "Yes, I guess we are partners alright."

"I'm puttin' you next to a millyun dollars ain't I? I'm showing you how to escape from the master's heel, ain't I? Sure I am and you kick about a coupla fish hooks. I don't think you an' I is gonna get along, I don't."

Jonas turned and led the way through the now sunlighted forest along a well-beaten path.

"This here is the trail," he said unnecessarly. "All you hadda do las' night was foller this here trail and you wouddda come out at the cabin."

"I couldn't see any trail last night," I argued, "and, anyway, we didn't come down any trail."

We reached the cabin in a matter of minutes and by the light of day it appeared even more ramshackle than it had the previous night. The trail we had followed did not stop at the cabin, however, but wound across the clearing and entered the bush on the far side.

"Where does this trail go to?" I asked wonderingly.

"T' the Forks," said Jonas, "trail follers through the brush aways and lands at t' Forks."

"Why on earth didn't you use it last night?" I asked, puzzled as a cat with molasses on its tail, "why did we have to struggle through the bush in the dark when there was a perfectly good trail to follow?"

Jonas wheeled and eyed me indignantly, in fact his eyes rolled in their sockets so that I moved involuntarily to catch them before they fell out entirely.

"'N have somebody stake me out?" he groaned. "D'you think I was gonna let some no 'count slicker stake me out when I gotta millyun dollars waitin' for me?"

The truth dawned upon me with considerable force. My partner, friend Jonas, was bushed, screwball, or nuts. Whatever he was, I

definitely wanted nothing more to do with him.

"I think I'll go back to town," I said.

"Uh huh," agreed Jonas, "they allus do."

"Who?" I asked sharply.

"They do," said Jonas wearily, "every time I gets me a partner he ups and goes to town. Young fellas today don't want no millyun dollars."

There was something pathetic about Jonas, and after all I had asked him indirectly to take me prospecting. Anyhow, I figured the experience was worth the fifty dollars I had spent.

"You can keep the grub," I said.

"Uh huh," Jonas grunted, "uh huh. They allus leaves me the grub too."

This cheered me up immensely, for I realized that I was not the only sucker that had entered the Cariboo.

"Er, goodbye, Jonas," I said.

"'M sure there's a tertiary channel aroun' here some place," answered Jonas.

But I was broke once more and out of a job, and consequently happy. It was spring time, time to ramble, and the trail invited my tired feet like some seductive maiden calling to her loved one.

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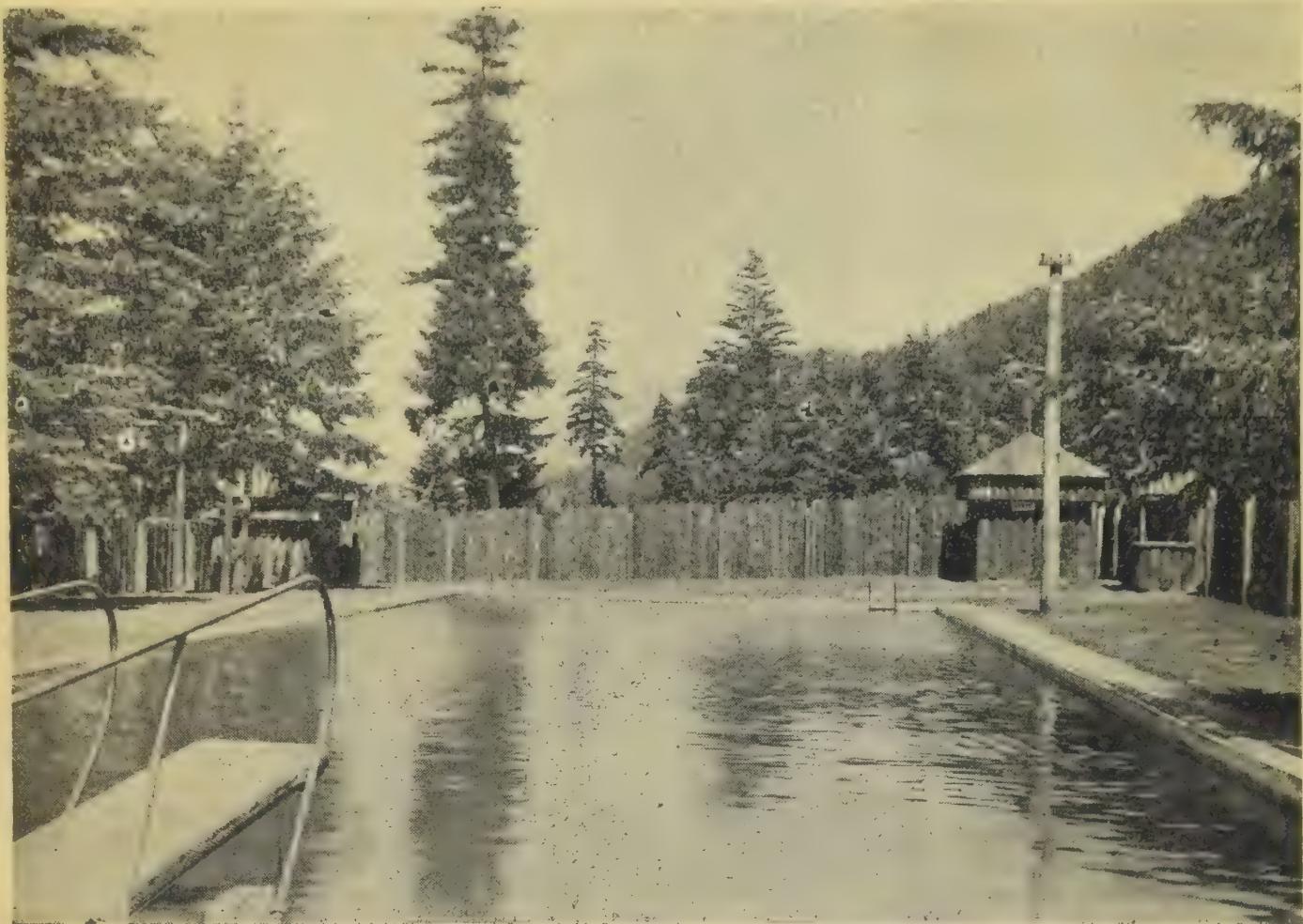
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Boston Bar, B. C.

the Fraser Canyon

Northward Thru Cariboo

continued from page 7

an instructor in the said institution in Seattle, Washington, where I had received my advanced education and training. When Ford cars were very unstable and unreliable vehicles, he had pioneered the Cariboo Road in one—a Model T. He had also hiked, with a pack on his back, over hundreds of miles of the Cariboo Highway, side roads and trails, and to points north. He regaled me with hair-raising, sidesplitting stories which had been made history by himself.

"Why don't you go north?" he said. "You'd love that country. The Cariboo is one part of the world where you'd never desire to leave and begin wandering like your globe-trotting ancestors. I've always had the desire to go back myself. It's a great land! It will establish and settle you." We did. I took his advice. One day I invested all my worldly wealth in a Model A Ford—one jump better than the purchase of the Reverend Mr. Ellis. But when I told the owner of the car, who lived in Victoria, that I was going to drive it up the Cariboo Highway to Prince George, he looked at me flabbergasted. What did the owner of the Model T look like—the Model T that bore the Reverend Mr. Ellis northward—when he was informed similarly? And the gas station attendant who served us had the same flabbergasted look on his physiognomy upon hearing of our destination. Those Coast people are timid souls—they'll never build an empire.

When we had loaded the Model A beyond its capacity, with all our worldly good, when I had seen my wife and two-year-old baby-girl stowed safely (?) in the front seat, I stepped on the gas. I gunned the motor. She was running like a Model A. We waved good-bye to all concerned and jolted out of the driveway of our Victoria home—northward bound. I was leaving the old roost for better or for worse. A young man was going north. According to many of our friends,



The beautiful Nechako River Prince George, B.C.

Photo by the Author

we were going off the deep end, too. They prophesied our return shortly—that was seven years ago! And we haven't returned yet! We love the northland. It is God's country.

We travelled up the Saanich peninsula to Sidney, on Vancouver Island. Then we crossed to Steveston by way of the ferry that was operating at the time. We skirted Vancouver, passed through New Westminster and struck out for the North, arriving in Hope during the afternoon. At Hope we were informed by a gasoline station attendant that we were just beginning our trip northward.

"From here you go almost due north to Prince George—but wait until you hit the Cariboo Road," said he, running an experienced eye over our Model A Ford. "Just wait!"

"Don't worry," said my wife, as I climbed into the car and gunned it down the road. "He was rather a timid soul, living too close to Victoria."

Next, we hit Yale. What happened there, I need not relate. You know. When one has been robbed at Yale, the journey to Spuzzum is made, while one ponders over the peculiar traits of mankind. By dusk we had reached Boston Bar. We drove farther along the road and, deciding to camp out for the night, we cooked our grub in true out-door style and, spreading our blankets on the ground and pillow-

ing our heads among the grasses of the rangeland, in true rangeland style, we went to sleep. Along toward midnight, however, my wife gave me a dig in the ribs and yelled in my ear that bears were attacking us. I jumped up, startled, and grabbed the flashlight. Two docile horses had moved down upon us to see what were the strange bumps upon their familiar rangeland. I chased the horses away. We tried to sleep, but our little girl didn't "try." She slept like a log. And she's been sleeping like one ever since. We had always had trouble with her appetite and her oscillatory powers, but she eats and sleeps, in the Cariboo, like a bear. We have no more trouble, eating and sleeping troubles are over. This land, we have discovered from personal experience, is a good place to raise a family. Boy, I'll say!

When we had eaten breakfast beside our campfire, we climbed aboard Eliza and drove onward, ever onward, toward Prince George. I thought a back tire had gone, but discovered that we were merely passing over wash-board, Cariboo road—world famous at the time. Then the heat hit us. We sweltered, perspired and sweated. We were in the dry belt. I drove into a gas station to buy gas. We needed it and water, too—the gas for the car and the water for us to drink.

"Does the atmosphere become
continued on page 66

Leach Brothers

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Northward Thru Cariboo

continued from page 64

more acrid than it is now?" I asked the attendant. It was one hundred fifteen in the shade!

"What do you mean?" he answered. "Speak English?"

"I am an Englishman," I replied. "I was born in England."

"Oh!" he said, raising an eyebrow understandingly as light dawned. "I see."

"What I desire to know," I said, "does it get hotter around here?"

"Sure," he replied. "I've seen it one hundred twenty in the shade." We drove onward—thankful that we were soon to leave the dry belt behind.

As we travelled along the highway, we were amazed at the beauty of the Cariboo. We had never seen anything so picturesque and panoramic as the Cariboo hinterland. We also saw signs of industry, agriculture, sheep and cattle ranching, and mixed farming. Here, we thought, is a land unspoiled, unhonored and unsung. We took a picture of a lovely flock of sheep. We passed great cattle ranches at Clinton, Williams Lake later, and elsewhere. Then we saw it—a railroad! We had never heard that a railroad existed in the Cariboo.

"What is the name of that railroad?" we asked an old-time pioneer.

"Strangers here?" he answered. "Sure, now, you must be or you'd have heard of the P.G.E."

"P.G.E.," I answered. "What does P.G.E. represent?"

"Prince George Eventually," he replied. "Nice little railroad, too. You'll know more concerning it if you stay long in the Cariboo."

"Say," I suggested, "We could put those letters on our lizzy—P.G.E.—Prince George Eventually!"

"If you do," said the old-timer, shaking his head, "you'll be bogged down in Quesnel for twenty-five years, or maybe longer. Some folks, hereabouts, call it the "Please Go Easy." But they've been going easy for the past twenty years or so. You see, son, the P.G.E. is a poli-

tical football, and nobody can seem to score a goal—either at Vancouver or Prince George. They've been kicking the ball back and forth, for the past twenty years, between Quesnel and Squamish."

"I understand now," I said. "Why doesn't somebody do something about it? Why not give it, lock, stock and barrel, to the United States? They'd do something with it!"

"Sure," he replied. "They'd do something with it. Why not give 'em the whole country to develop—lock, stock and barrel? Why not?"

"Agreed," I said, waving "good-bye" and gunning our Model A down the road toward Prince George—eventually!

Later, we were informed that this railroad, built of sixty-pound rails, is three hundred seventy-four miles in length, having been completed (?) in the early twenties. It has been called the railroad that starts and ends nowhere. I agree, as far as the "start" is concerned—Squamish is "nowhere." But Quesnel is "somewhere." Quesnel is a beautiful town, with a setting that surpasses most towns or cities, including Victoria. It is situated at the confluence of the Fraser and Quesnel Rivers, strategically located. We discovered this fact as we drove up the Cariboo Road. But I am getting ahead of my story.

We passed the 70-Mile House, the 100-Mile House, and then we took a picture of beautiful Lac La Hache. We were intrigued, entranced and enthralled by its beauty. And we were informed that fish were in the lake and deer and moose were in the hills. Then we drove to Williams Lake, Soda Creek, Alexandria, and points north. Arriving in Quesnel, we had our gas tank filled, but we did not stay long; we determined, however, to visit this beautiful town again, later. We did.

When we left Quesnel, darkness was upon us. Our Lizzy was dust-covered, wheezy and balky. We looked the part of my ancestors; at least, the police must have thought so, because we saw a patrol car come in back of us and follow us

for half a mile or so out of town as we pointed our flivver toward Prince George. We were on the last lap of our journey; and we felt like celebrities with a police escort, although we were travelling incognito as far as the Cariboo was concerned. If we had had as much publicity as the King and Queen, we would have been given a welcome just as royal—provided no mention of my ancestors had been made. When we arrived, however, at the Wells-Barerville-Prince George turn-off, and having taken our license number—we feel sure—the police reluctantly turned back, yet doubtful of our identity and integrity.

"See," said my wife, as we turned down the road to Prince George, "we look like tramps who have stolen a flivver. And, with all this household junk we have tied all over the car, we look the part of farm-house thieves. We look the part of your ancestors . . . We'll be arrested before we arrive in Prince George."

"You're tired," I said. "Let's park for the night and sleep in the car." We did. After we had travelled five miles or so out of Quesnel, we began to look for a place to park. We found one—eventually! We slept. That is, we tried to sleep. But my wife was not exactly familiar with the ways of the wild. "We-e-e-e-e-e-e! Yip-o-o-o-o-e-e-e! Yipe-i-i-i-i-e-e-e!"

"What's that?" she said, grabbing my arm about two o'clock in the morning.

"The birds are beginning to greet the day," I said, drowsily and half asleep.

"Those noises don't come from birds," she replied, giving me a dig in the ribs. "Listen!" "We-e-e-e-e-e-e! Yip-o-o-o-o-o-e-e-e! Yipe-i-i-i-i-e-e-e!"

"Coyotes," I said, rolling over and settling down on a more comfortable spring of the car seat. "You'll love the creatures in time. You won't be able to sleep without their lullaby."

About three-thirty in the morning—our usual time for break-

continued next page

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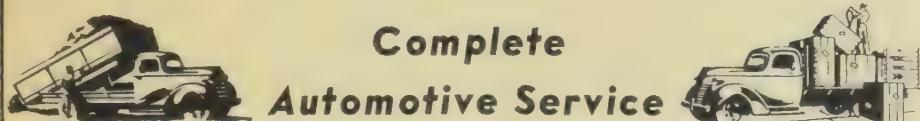


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Northward Thru Cariboo

continued from page 66

fast, of course—we climbed out of our bone-shaker, stretched our limbs and prepared breakfast. Breakfast over, we resumed our trip toward Prince George. We were bound to arrive—eventually! And our first breath-taking scene was the Cottonwood Canyon; we had, however, seen a black bear about two miles before we reached the Canyon. He had almost fallen over himself in trying to disappear in the forest before we came too close to him with our jalopy. We were thrilled. We had seen our first wild bear in the Cariboo. Then, after we had skidded and slid and jolted down one side of the Canyon, we drove across the Canyon's bed, parallel with the river.

"Look!" said my wife, pointing to the side of the road. "Deer!" Sure enough, a deer was standing near the road.

"Boy!" said I. "This country is grand!" Two minutes later she exclaimed again:

"Look! A moose!" Sure enough, a moose was crossing the road ahead of our car. With majestic strides the monarch of the North disappeared in the forest.

"Boy, oh boy!" I said. "This country is super! We have seen a bear, a deer, and a moose within twenty minutes time." We had. I am not exaggerating; but my readers must keep in mind we were travelling early in the morning. Wild game was on the move, going to and coming from the river that we were paralleling. Since that eventful morning we have bagged deer, bear and moose while on our hunting trips in the Cariboo.

Our Model A barely made the grade out of the Cottonwood Canyon, but we managed to coax, push and persuade it over the brim and on to Prince George—even-

tually! But I reminded my wife that the Rev. Mr. Ellis had taken two and a half days to drive from Quesnel to Prince George in his Model T Ford. He spent much time in repairing bridges, filling in mud holes, and doing labor, for the Public Works Department, that he hasn't received payment for as yet. Also, I pointed out, he had a Model T that had to be pushed up the hills—ours is a Model A. And he came up during the twenties, while we are travelling in the thirties—about eighteen years later. And, by this time, one or two bridges have been built and a few ruts and holes have been filled more than half full. All these facts I pointed out to my wife, but she was only concerned with our arrival in Prince George. And at last we made the trip! We covered over six hundred miles all told, without engine trouble—serious—without a flat, and without any of the woes which were prophesied falling to our lot. We had arrived—eventually! I shall never forget the time!

When we topped the last hill and saw Prince George spread out before us, lying at the confluence of the Fraser and Nechako Rivers, our joys knew no bounds. We HAD arrived. We had beaten the P.G.E. to Prince George. Although it had had a twenty-five-year start, we had won! With fifteen dollars in my pocket—all our worldly goods stowed in and on the car, except for two trunks which were coming by freight—we had made the grade. We had camped out, slept out and roughed it all the way from Victoria to Prince George. We had made the trip on \$22.45. We'd have done better, too. But we were robbed at the Yale Toll-Gate. Some day I am going to go back there and demand my money back from those highway robbers at Yale. You see, they remind me too much of my ancestors!

As I See It

in freight rates on bulk commodities, the export of our resources should be materially increased.

The completion of the railway to Prince George, giving us a connection with the C.N.R., would open to our forest products the prairie and eastern markets, and the extension of the line to Vancouver would assist materially the stockmen.

With the world crying for all kinds of material of which we have a plentiful supply, all that is required is an intelligent approach to our transportation problems to stimulate production.

The future of this part of the interior of the Province is certainly as alluring as any other part of the world, once we are relieved from our cramped position as far as transportation facilities are concerned.

Highway to the Peace

continued from page 4

kind of motive power, barring possibly steam locomotives, is being used. Horses are used for piling logs. Large Hoover overload loaders mounted on tractors and rigged with rooter blades with five or six teeth, root out stumps and dump them forward or backwards onto great fires. Caterpillar D8 bulldozers break brush and clear slash and debris for burning, whilst other tractors with winch lines paratus snap small stumps out of the ground and pile them.

Much of the country to be traversed is composed of alternating stretches of rock and muskeg. Specifications call for a road 24 feet wide at the top with a 27-foot underlying grade in open cuts and a 32-foot width on the fills, to be topped with a six-inch depth of gravel surface over twelve inches of select material.

Once the actual roadbuilding commences the work is done by "cats," scrapers preceded by a ripper and followed by a motor grader. Base camps are constructed of lumber and tarpaper bunkhouses to house the men, repair shops and huge hangars for the motive equip-

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2

TELEPHONE
For QUESNEL Taxi

2

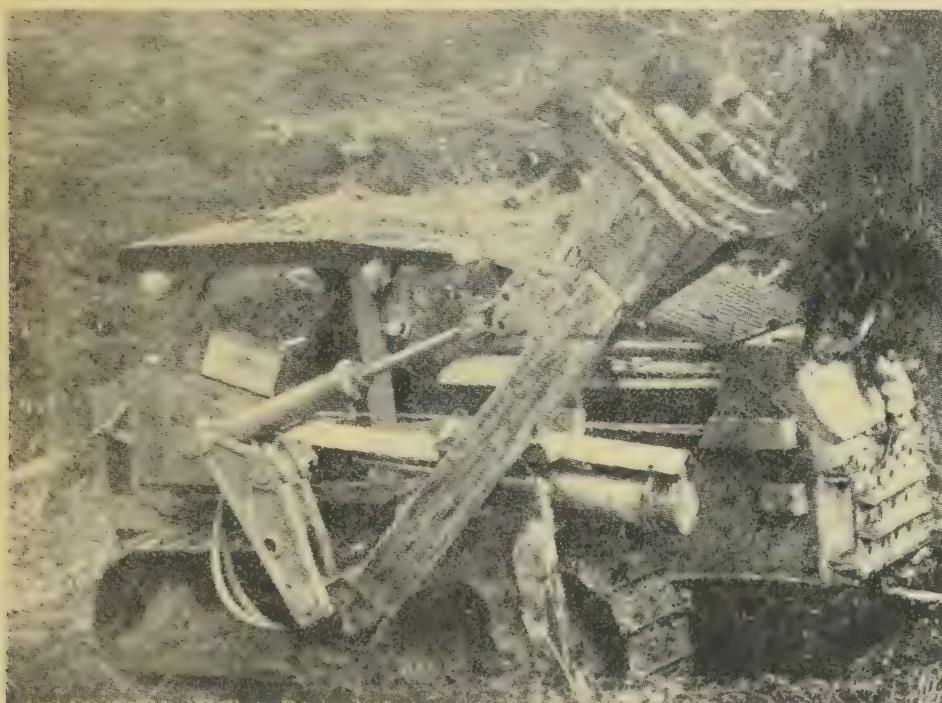
Highway to the Peace

continued from page 68

ment to be stored and overhauled in. At various points along the unconstructed stretch "fly camps" were in use during the fine weather. ("Fly" camps, as they are called in construction lingo, are known to the uninitiated as tents.) These "fly" camps house the men responsible for slashing and felling timber along the right-of-way.

Commotion Creek, which a few years ago was very much in the news as being the reputed scene of

an oil strike, is now one of the main camps of the Campbell-Mannix organization. This new road, besides serving the function of connecting the Peace River Block will give access to country which is rich in timber, minerals, fur, and agricultural land. It will also make the further development of oil wells at Commotion Creek feasible, and since all the indications point to this being rich oil country, the probabilities are that there will be in the very near future a distinct boom in the country lying between Prince George and Dawson Creek.



Uprooting stumps in one piece, with modern bulldozers is much quicker than the old method of blasting. This is one of the many such machines engaged on the project.

THE SHOOTING OF RED SQUIRREL

continued from page 5

such—of this entire question lies in the fact that it is NOT the registered trapper who is responsible for the decimation of the red squirrel. I full realize I might be sticking my neck out in making the following utterances, but I can only speak the truth as I see that truth. The persons mainly responsible for the destruction of the red squirrel are: (1) the person who has no trap-

ping license but relies upon a friend with a license to dispose of his fur for him; and (2) the private property trapper. It is neither my intention nor my desire to condemn all private property trappers, for some undoubtedly play the game honestly, yet I believe I utter the truth when I say that seventy per cent of such trappers once they obtain a license which enables them to market fur, use the same as an open pass to shoot squirrels wherever they damned well please. I

continued next page

Walter Flynn

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MEN'S
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A certain Cariboo poultry fancier was showing his ranch to a much fascinated city dweller.

"How do you manage to tell the ganders from the geese?" she asked.

"I just turn 'em out together," grinned the rancher, "and let 'em figure it out for themselves."

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WATER TRANSPORT

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Takla Landing
FORT ST. JAMES, B.C.

Shooting the Red Squirrel

continued from page 69

could, if necessary, quote case after case of such trappers obtaining licenses to trap within their own land who have been annually marketing between five hundred and one thousand squirrel pelts; and if the Game Department ever cared to make a survey of the fur potentialities of such private land, any Game Warden would agree it could not market over one hundred squirrel pelts—and some of it not that many. What protection has the honest registered trapper against this type of person? None. Should anyone run a string of traps upon our lines we can find those traps and pick them up; but it is beyond our best efforts to tag such persons around when they use the .22 as a means of stealing our fur. And surely all registered trappers must be cognizant of that fact. No one can have any quarrel with the private property trapper who plays the game and operates within his own land, but when such person takes the last squirrel from such piece of land and then begins operations on an adjacent registered trapline, I say the only protection the registered trapper has against such an individual is by taking the .22 out of the picture.

To my way of thinking, we, the registered trappers, are faced with this question: Is the red squirrel to remain on the list as a fur-bearing animal? Or is he going to be given complete protection? Vox Populi—Vox Dei! The Voice of the People—The Voice of the Gods! If enough of the people clamour for complete protection for the red squirrel in British Columbia, then ultimately he must undoubtedly be given that complete protection, with disastrous effects upon the economy of a great many registered trappers. For it is absolutely impossible to run a line of between two and three hundred No. 1 traps without catching a certain percentage of red squirrel in those traps. The greater majority of us

continued next page

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R. C. STEELE, Prop.

Shooting the Red Squirrel

(registered trappers) never trap or gun exclusively for the red squirrel. We run those lines for mink, marten, or weasel. Sometimes we might catch ten or fifteen red squirrel in one weasel set, and today those squirrel mean extra revenue to us—extra revenue to the province. But if we cannot sell their pelts, then that much revenue must be thrown away into the snow. The B.C. Game Department CAN prohibit our selling the pelts, but the Attorney General himself CANNOT stop us catching those squirrels in our mink, marten, or ermine sets.

I personally agree with the attitude adopted by those many clubs and associations who have through sheer courtesy to the Registered Trappers Association sent me copies of their letters submitted to Commissioner Butler upon this subject. The red squirrel MUST be given more adequate protection. Take the .22 out of this picture and he will receive that protection. Ninety per cent of the registered trappers

of B.C. are thinking in terms of the future. They are the main participants in an industry of weighty proportions—an industry which is in this year of unusually high prices pouring hundreds of thousands of dollars into the ever ravenous maw of trade. Their knowledge and their experience in the woods tells them that the red squirrel is a definite factor in the overall picture of fur conservation. For, as I have said before, when disease hits the rabbit, when the .22 raises such havoc with the red squirrel, we must all be faced with a severe decrease in our flesh-eating fur-bearers.

No association can hope to satisfy all of its members, and this one, The B.C. Registered Trappers, is probably no exception to this rule. Nevertheless, I believe in all sincerity that when the B.C. Registered Trappers campaigned for legislation taking the .22 out of this picture it was only acting for the best interests of the majority of its members. And, after all, that is what we are here for in the first place.



JOKE POT



"How many children have you got?" the census taker asked a Chilcotin rancher.

"Four, and by crickey that is all I am going to have."

"Why is that?"

"Because I just read in the almanac that every fifth child born is a Chinaman."

"So, you desire to become my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't. But if I marry her I don't see how I can avoid it."

The Minister stopped little Mary on the street.

"Well, well," he said kindly. "I hear that God has sent you two little brothers."

"Yes, He has," agreed Mary gravely, "and daddy says He knows where the money is coming from too."

Pappa Rabbit noticed with some interest that his son was looking

uncommonly contented with life. "What makes Junior so happy?" he asked Mama Rabbit when they were alone.

"He had a great day in school," she explained, "he learned to multiply."

A man and his wife were sitting together in the living-room one evening. The phone rang and the man answered. He said on the phone, "How on earth should I know? Why don't you call the Coastguard?"

The wife asked, "Who was that, dear?"

The husband said: "I haven't the faintest idea. Some silly jerk wanted to know if the coast was clear."

Sign in a certain Cariboo Hotel: "If you are over eighty years old and accompanied by your parents, we will cash your cheque."

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NEIGHBOURS

If fate tomorrow should take me far
 from this northern home,
 What would I longest cherish in
 memory for years to come?
 The sweep of the mighty Fraser,
 the Quesnel's clear crystal gleam,
 Or the little creeks that run to
 swell Chilko's murky stream;
 The sombre depths of pine beneath
 a sky all frosty clear,
 And the eerie cry of the timber
 wolf that chills the heart with
 fear;
 Or in June the great white daisies
 and the salmon blossoms pale,
 And the flame of Indian Paint
 Brush on the old Blackwater
 Trail.

The sound of the great trucks
 climbing from the Cottonwood's
 deep gorge,
 The ring of saws and the planers'
 whine you hear in old Prince
 George.
 These would be long remembered,
 but their colors will fade and die
 Like the blaze of our winter sunset
 where the pine ridge meets the
 sky.

But the memory will be most treas-
 ured, 'til the day all memory ends,
 Of these we found our neighbors,
 and remained to call our friends.
 We came among them as strangers,
 they asked not our worth or creed,
 Nor how we might repay them the
 help they brought our need.

Halting may seem my tribute, but
 't come from a grateful heart;
 And I think today of the words of
 one, at the time when we had to
 part.

For many an act of kindness I
 thanked her as best I could,
 But she only said, "I have done no
 more than any neighbor would."
 We sing of our mines and forests,
 and others will share our fame;
 We praise our lands and our climate
 and the cynics may doubt our
 claim;

But travel the smiling southland or
 the prairies broad and fair—
 You will find no better neighbors
 tho you seek for them every-
 where.

In an age when doubt and discord
 seem to hold the world in thrall,
 I think those simple people have
 the answer to it all—
 For I know no greater blessing
 than that there might come a day
 When nation unto nation might be
 neighbors such as they.

Betty E. Bailey.
 (Dedicated to the people of
 Beaverley, B.C.)

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WELLS, B.C.

Around The Towns

By F.W.L.

The Editor of The Wells Chronicle deserves the heartfelt thanks of everyone living north of the city of Vancouver, and especially the citizens of Cariboo and northern British Columbia, for an editorial appearing in his paper on February 7, 1946.

The editorial says, in part, that: "The stand of West Vancouver in regard to the possibility of a railway marring the benign terrain of its municipality calls for more than passing comment.

"Obstructionism is nothing new where West Vancouver is concerned. It was only a little more than a year ago that West Vancouver opposed the establishment of a ferry link between Horseshoe Bay and Gibson's Landing on the northern shore of Howe Sound. West Vancouverites protested the ferry on the grounds that necessary wharf accommodations would detract from its pleasant shoreline and that the scheduled runs of the ferry would prove detrimental to sport fishing at Horseshoe Bay.

"It becomes increasingly clear that people of West Vancouver have some quaint notion that their's is a community apart from the remainder of this province."

In Prince George, according to the "Citizen," one of the aldermen was alarmed at the thought of a dog catcher earning the sum of \$450 in one month, and then resting upon his laurels. Consequently, the Prince George council decided to get a full-time dog catcher, who, we understand, will take twelve months in which to do the work the \$450 dog catcher would have accomplished in one month. Bow wow!

continued next page

Stan Dowling

GENERAL MERCHANT
MASSEY-HARRIS IMPLEMENTS
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CLEANING, PRESSING, REPAIRS
Ladies & Gents Suits
MADE TO MEASURE

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

The city girl asked the somewhat irritated dairy man why cream was so much more expensive than milk.

"It's the cows' fault, ma'am," was the weary answer. "They have a heck of a time sittin' on the small bottles."



JACK-O'-CLUBS HOTEL

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Andy LaDreche, prop.

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Wells, B.C.

around the towns

According to the Jan. 18th issue of the Bridge River-Lillooet News, "Action On The P.G.E. Expected This Year." One of our earliest recollections is of action on the P.G.E. At that time it was either the Engineer or the Fireman who chased a calf off the right of way.

"Lillooet To Be Clearing House For Cariboo Cattle Industry?" is the caption of an article in the Bridge River - Lillooet News dated February 1st. Apparently the whole idea depends on whether or not the newly formed Citizens League has enough support to have a road opened through Yalakom Pass, thus creating a route into the vast Chilcotin cattle country, a route that will prove far shorter than the present one which branches off from Williams Lake. If this road is constructed through the efforts of the Citizens' League it will indeed be a feather in the cap of that organization, and will also be an indication of a new spirit which has entered the entire northland. We have waited too long for "George" to do it, when we can do it ourselves with far less fuss. In the words of the old French revolutionaries, "Citizens arise!" or at least co-operate.

A paragraph from an editorial in the "Wells Chronicle" bears thinking about: "Over and over the theme of the old frontier days is sold in our publicity. To have such an historic background is certainly no detraction, from a publicity standpoint, but the theme is growing threadbare and we have far more to sell than our past."

Lew Griffiths, the Editor of the "Chronicle," is to be congratulated on writing that, which we have been thinking for lo! these many years.

continued next page

Williams Lake MEAT MARKET

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Nuggett Cafe

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OF VANCOUVER
QUESNEL, B.C.

around the towns

From the Omineca Herald we learn that the deserted mining village of Anyox, at the head of Observatory Inlet, on the northern British Columbia coast, is experiencing the stirrings of what may well be a re-birth of industrial life. Initial work on a proposed pig iron and electric steel smelter has already commenced.

Backers of the plan to revive Anyox to the industrial fullness of its mining heyday is the B.C. Minerals and Resources Development Company, which proposes to establish a pig iron smelter on the site of the former Granby Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company. The new company plans to smelt pig iron from B.C. coast ore. Later plans call for a steel smelter which will use an electric process developed in Sweden.

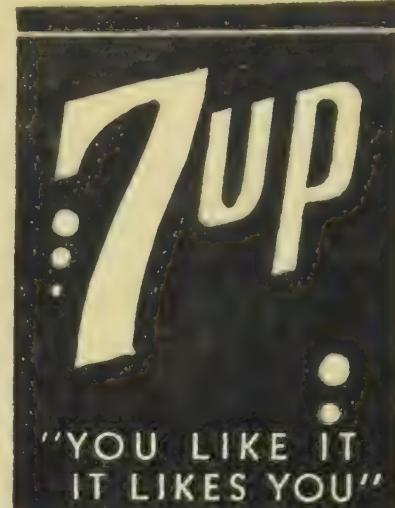
It is understood that pig iron production will be carried out with the help of a government subsidy of three dollars per ton. The purpose of this subsidy is to encourage the establishment of a pig iron industry in British Columbia. As much as 35,000 tons of ore yearly may be imported to the projected smelter at Anyox if plans of B.C. Minerals and Resources Development Co. are fulfilled.

British Columbia has waited many long and weary years for such a development as this. Steel smelters, railroads, highways, industrial projects of all kinds are being rumored and brought into being. It isn't such a sorry old world after all, is it?

"My father and mother were first cousins," explained the new pupil to his teacher, "I expect that's why I look so much alike."

Boss: "You should have been here at eight o'clock!"

New Employee: "Why? What happened?"



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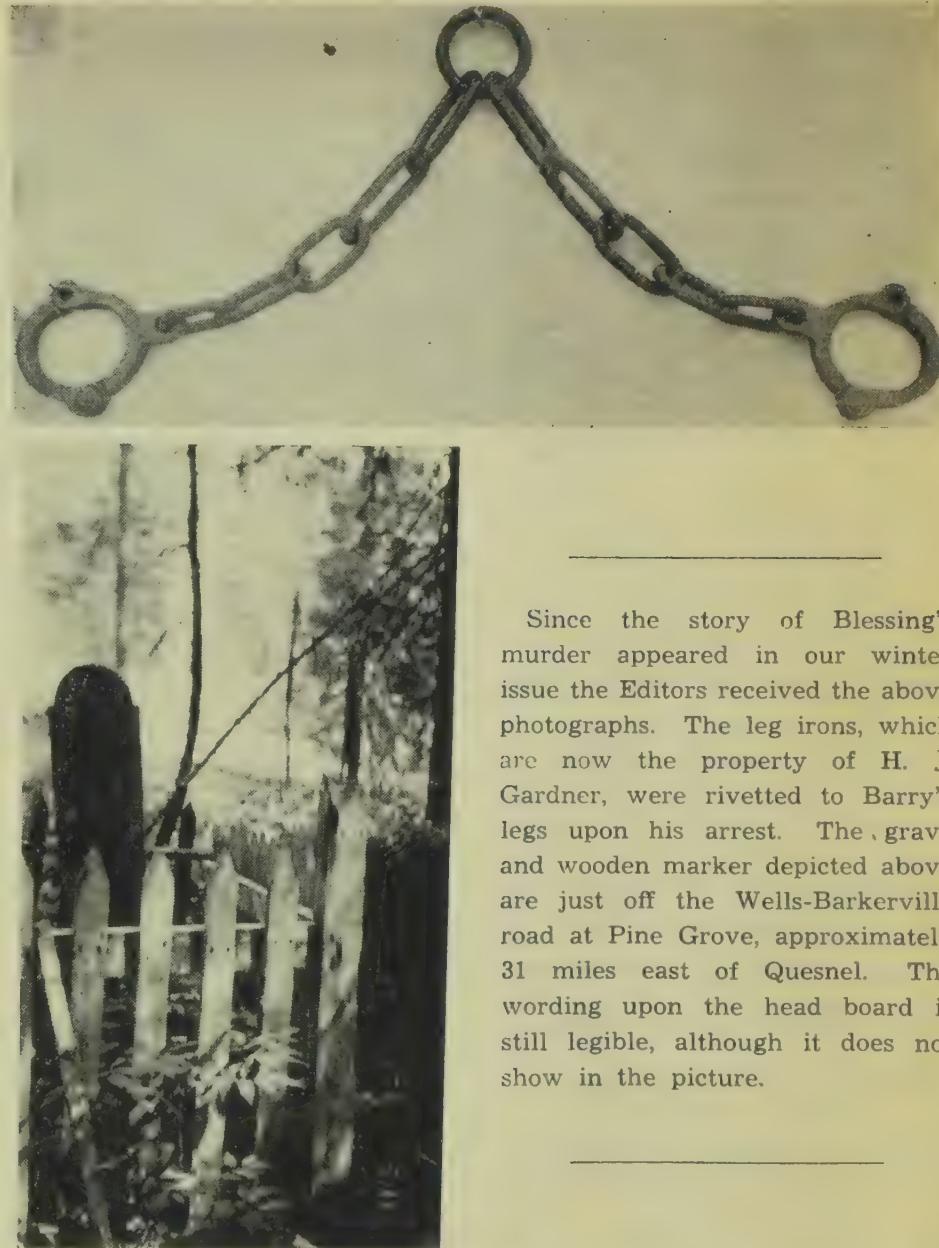
Moose, Deer,
 Black-Bear

WRITE FOR INFORMATION
 TO

Ambert Boyd

MARGUERITE, B.C.
 36 Miles south of Quesnel

And then there is the one about the hunter who a few years ago shot a cow in the Fraser Valley Delta. When quizzed by the J.P. of the district, he asserted that he thought it was a pheasant."



Blessing's Grave.

 **JOKE POT** 

A tourist who rather regarded himself as something above the common run of genus homo was roughing it in the Chilcotin. He had one guide and four handymen to look after his wants.

"You people in Chilcotin are certainly lost to civilization," he told a homesteader.

"Taint bein' lost that bothers us so much as bein' found," retorted the homesteader sincerely.

A very agitated lady telephoned the Doctor. "Come quickly!" she

Since the story of Blessing's murder appeared in our winter issue the Editors received the above photographs. The leg irons, which are now the property of H. J. Gardner, were riveted to Barry's legs upon his arrest. The grave and wooden marker depicted above are just off the Wells-Barkerville road at Pine Grove, approximately 31 miles east of Quesnel. The wording upon the head board is still legible, although it does not show in the picture.

screamed, "baby has just swallowed my fountain-pen."

"I will get there as soon as I possibly can," agreed the M.D., "but it may take me two or three hours, as I have several patients in the office."

"What will I do?" screamed the anguished parent.

"I am afraid," said the Doctor consolingly, "that you will have to use a pencil."

A bargain is a good buy. A good-bye is a farewell. A farewell is to part. To part is to leave. My girl left me without a good-bye. She was no bargain, anyway.

Verse

BARKERVILLE PARADES

He bore a pack and hiked alone,
As old men often do;
A stranger in a land he'd known
Ere it was born anew.

He'd been away a score of years—
Had he come back too late?
Where would he find the pioneers?
'Twas time to celebrate.

The hills still beckoned as before,
Streams sang of hidden gold;
For yellow fever raged once more,
As in the days of old.

On treasure trails, both old and new,
Old age and second growth
Were climbing hills in Cariboo;
For dreams can come to both.

The vanished years had changes
brought,
But the siren voice still pleads.
The rainbow's end still being
sought,
The vision that recedes.

CARIBOO

Where glint of gold has cast its
spell,
Hark for the sound of rushing
feet.
Where driven stakes can fortunes
tell
Men from earth's far places meet.
When Mother Nature hid her gold,
She left behind a clue.
'Twas followed, and the world was
told
It led to Cariboo.

O'er snow and ice, o'er desert sand,
Men left their homes behind
And journeyed toward that magic
land
Whose creeks were treasure lined.
Along the Fraser and its bars,

Came night, and weary from his
tramp,
He swung around a bend.
There, wrapped in slumber, lay the
camp
That marked the long road's end.
Then, from the graveyard on his
right,
Where headstones shadows cast,
Framed in a weird, unearthly light,
Came his welcome from the past.
For shrouded forms moved here
and there
Among the grass-grown mounds.
Could they have heard a trumpet
blare,
Those sleepers out of bounds,
Who sang in accents soft and low
That solemn sweet refrain?
No matter when or where we go,
We all come back again.

Was this a rising of the dead,
Their debt to nature paid?
The ancient one but sighed and
said,
"I'll help the gang parade."

H. L. Ringland.

Where romance lingers still,
Their camp fires blazed beneath the
stars
From Yale to Barkerville.
Then "Antler" Williams' lightning
too,
In turn made bids for fame.
'Twas harvest time in Cariboo
And payday on the claim.
Now o'er the trails they mushed
along
The iron steed holds sway.
Among the hills the siren's song
Re-echoes in our day.

While passing time to us consigns
A picture dimmed by years,
Among the silent mounds one finds
Names of those pioneers.

H. L. Ringland.

MOOSE STORY



Of all the moose stories we have
heard, the following takes the

sugar-coated cooky.

It appears that a truck driver from Prince George was driving westwardly in the general direction of Vanderhoof. The snow was piled high on either side of the road. Rounding a bend, the truck driver and his companion came face to face with a large moose. The truck stopped and the two men

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QUESNEL, B.C.

waited patiently for the ungainly animal to vamose. They waited several minutes, and it was cold waiting, but all the moose would do was face them and flop his large ears back and forth. History does not state whether the moose was in an angry frame of mind or whether he felt kindly towards the

continued next page



The playful creatures pictured above were snapped by the Editor on one of his trips down the Cariboo road. As can be seen, they were playing leap-frog in and amongst the jackpines. After one startled gasp Ye Editor unslung his trusty camera and shot the picture. Upon his return to the Cariboo Digest office, he confessed to the rest of the staff that he was somewhat dubious as to just what he had seen.

When the picture was developed a certain amount of research proved that the animals were Dinosaurs of the Cretaceous Age. They are presumed to have ruled the earth millions of years prior to the advent of man; and it has been supposed that these creatures were extinct. However, a certain very old and respected citizen has told

us that he and several other very respectable citizens have seen the exact replicas of the above climbing out of bottles procured in the Government Liquor Store. We can well believe this, for we, too, have on occasion seen many strange creatures embalmed in bonded liquor. The only point which baffles us is, how do these creatures get into the bottles, leaving the seal intact?

The other picture shows the bones of Dinosaurs which were found in the Peace River country. It is expected that millions of years hence, the people who then roam the northland will find the bones of the 1946 type of creatures who died, waiting for the well-known railroad to come and bring them the amenities of civilization.

MOOSE STORY:

world. But the truck driver and his companion were certainly stymied. Had they been able to turn around, they would doubtless have left the moose to his contemplation.

They couldn't turn around, they couldn't drive over or under the animal, and they definitely couldn't stay there forever or until the spring thaws came. Either the trucker or his companion had a brain wave. He would climb onto the cab of the truck armed with a crow-bar and from this vantage point herd the moose either off the

road or turn him around so that he would run ahead of the truck. This tactic was agreed upon, the man climbed on top of the cab wielding his crow-bar and the truck slowly advanced.

The moose? Ah, the moose refused to budge, the truck crowded to one side and attempted to pass. The moose remained immobile. To make a long story short, somebody ate moose out of season, for the man on the roof of the truck struck the moose on his cabeza with the crow-bar.

Exit moose . . . Nuff said!



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